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POEMS#

ON

SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

Barrie Min Str T. Bonnes Hant.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

EDINBURGH:

Printed for W. GORDON Bookfeller in the Parliament Close.

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Entered in STATIONER'S HALL, according to A& of Parliament.



R E od A ot Dut E R.

As he wrote entirely the his own amulement.

HE public, or those who had not occasion to be acquainted with the author of the following poems, may perhaps desire to know something more of him than his

To gratify this reasonable curiosity, it is proper the reader should know that WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, Esq; was a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an antient and honourable family.

He was born in 1704, and had all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. His talte, like his studies, was unconfined, but his peculiar genius for poetry appeared at an early time of life. It was improved by a lively imagination, gination, an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and extensive acquaintance with the Belles Lettres, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

As he wrote entirely for his own amusement. and that of his particular friends, few, if any of his pieces were prepared for the press by ni himself. A Collection of several of them was first published at Glasgow in 1748 (and after in wards reprinted) not only without his name, and but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. He was then abroad, and it was hoped the appearance of that collection would have drawn from him a more perfect edition. But tho' after his return, he corrected many errors of the Glasgow copy, occasioned by the inadvertency of transcribers, and confiderably enlarged some of the poems, he did not live to make a new and compleat publication. The improvements he made, are, however, carefully inferted in the present posthumous edition, with le conferme the

the addition of a great many valuable pieces

MR. HAMILTON possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree. His writings breathe the passions which he felt, and are seldom cold or inanimated. The qualities of his heart and head were equally remarkable; and, in short, he was, in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentle-manual cold of the word, a fine gentle-manual cold

HE was twice married into families of diflinction, and by his first lady, daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart. left an only child, a promising youth, who inherits his estate.

Mr. Hamilton was of a delicate constitution, and in his later years his health was greatly impaired. This decay made him again try the benefit of a warmer climate, in which he had formerly passed a considerable part of his time. It had not, however, the desired effect. He died

70

at Lyons on the 25th of March 1754, in the 50th year of his age. His corpfe was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holy-rood-house.

The reader is left to the perulal of Mr. HaMILTON'S works for the forming an adequate
opinion of his merit as a poet. It is hoped such
of his poems, as are here first published, will
appear equally beautiful with those which, in
their former more careless dress, and even without a name, were received with the highest approbation. Tho' the author's finishing hand has
been wanting to many, the same admirable genius shines thro' the whole; and the editor is persuaded, that in making this edition as compleat
as possible, he has performed an acceptable service to the public.

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TOA

YOUNG LADY

WITH THE FOLLOWING

POEM.

READ here the pangs of unfuccessful love,
View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,
When Care in every shape has leave to reign,
And keener sharpens ev'ry sense of pain:
No charm the cruel spoiler can controul,
He blasts the beauteous features of the soul;
With various consist rends the destin'd breast,
And lays th' internal fair creation waste:
The dreadful Daemon raging unconsin'd,
To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,
Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender fears;
Hope after hope goes out in endless night,
And all is anguish, torture, and affright.

O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine; Still may thy star with mildest influence shine; May heav'n surround thee with peculiar care, And make thee happy, as it made thee fair; That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease, The pleasing look, that ne'er was taught to please,

A

True

True genuine charms, where falshood claims no part, Which not alone entice, but fix the heart: And far beyond all thefe, supreme in place, The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace. Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove Of tender friendship and complacent love; May love approach thee, in the mildest dress, And court thee to domestic happiness: And bring along the pow'r that only knows To heighten human joys and foften woes; For woes will be in life; these still return, The good, the beauteous, and the wife must mourn: Doubl'd the joy that friendship does divide, Leffen'd the pain when arm'd the focial fide: But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan, When strong affliction finds the weak alone! Then may a friend still guard thy shelter'd days, And guide thee fafe thro' Fortune's mystic ways; The happy youth, whom most thy foul approves, Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves, Whose holy slame heav'ns altar does inspire, That burns thro' life one clear unfully'd fire, A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast. Who loving is belov'd and bleffing bleft. Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear, The charms of kindred and relations dear, The smiling offspring, Love's far better part. And all the focial meltings of the heart: Then harlot Pleasure, with her wanton train Seduces from the perfect state in vain;

In vain to the lock'd ear the Syren fings,
When Angels shadow with their guardian wings.
Such, fair MONIMIA, be thy sacred lot,
When ev'ry memory of him forgot,
Whose faithful Muse inspir'd the pious pray'r,
And weary'd Heaven to keep thee in its care;
That pleas'd it would its choicest insluence show'r,
Or on thy serious, or thy mirthful hour;
Conspicuous known in ev'ry scene of life,
The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wise;
That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,
And each new day rise brighter than the past.

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CONTEMPLATION:

Or, THE

TRIUMPH of LOVE.

Saevit amor. Virg. Æn. 4.

Voice Divine, whose heavenly strain No mortal measure may attain, O powerful to appeale the imart, That festers in a wounded heart, Whose mystic numbers can asswage The bosom of tumult'ous Rage, Can strike the dagger from Despair, And shut the watchful eye of Care. Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call, Hope comes, that chears or foftens all; Expell'd by thee, and dispossest Envy forfakes the human break. Full oft with thee the Bard retires. And loft to earth, to heav'n aspires; How nobly loft! with thee to rove Thro' the long deepning folemn grove, Or underneath the moonlight pale, To Silence trust some plaintive tale,

Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes. While kings and all the proud repole; Or where some holy aged oak A stranger to the woodman's stroke; From the high rock's aerial crown In twisting arches bending down, Bathes in the fmooth pellucid stream. Full oft he waits the mystic dream Of mankind's joys right understood. And of the all prevailing good. Go forth invok'd, O voice Divine! And iffue from thy facred shrine; Go fearch each folitude around, Where Contemplation may be found, Where'er apart the Goddess stands With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hands; If rear'd on Speculation's hill Her raptur'd foul enjoys its fill Of far transporting Nature's scene, Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain; Or if with measur'd step she go Where Meditation spreads below, had made a In hollow vale her ample ftore, which his had 'Till weary Fancy can no more; Or inward if the turn her gaze, And all th' internal world furveys; With joy complacent fees succeed In fair array, each comely deed. She hears alone thy lofty strain, All other music charms in vain;

In vain the sprightly notes resound,
That from the fretted roofs rebound,
When the dest minstrelsie advance
To form the quaint and orbed dance;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens only to thy lore.
Then bring the lonely nymph along,
Obsequious to thy magick song;
Bid her to bless the secret bow'r
And heighten Wildom's solemn hour.

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes. That joins this earth to distant skies; Bland Hope that makes each forrow less; Still smiling calm amidst distress; And bring the meek ey'd Charitie, Not least, tho' youngest of the three. Knowledge the Sage, whose radiant light; Darts quick across the mental Night, And add warm Friendship to the train, Social, yielding, and humane; With Silence, fober-fuited maid, Seldom on this earth furvey'd: Bid in this facred band appear, That aged venerable Seer, With forrowing pale, with watchings spare; Of pleasing yet dejected air, Him, heavenly Melancholy height, Who flies the fons of false delight, Now looks lerene thro' human life, Sees end in peace the moral strife;

Now to the daz'ling prospect blind, Trembles for heaven and for his kind, And doubting much, still hoping best, Late with submission finds his reft And by his fide advance the Dame All glowing with celestial flame, Devotion, high above that foars, And fings exulting, and adores, Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze, And triumph 'midft the Seraph's blaze; Last to crown all, with these be join'd The decent Nun fair Peace of Mind, Whom Innocence e'er yet betray'd, and Bore young in Eden's happy shade: Refign'd, contented, meek and mild Of blameless mother, blameless child.

But from these woods, O thou retire!

Hood-winkt Superstition dire:

Zeal that clanks her iron bands,

And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;

Far hence Hypocrify away,

With pious semblance to betray,

Whose angel outside fair, contains

A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;

Ambition mad, that stems alone

The boistrous surge, with bladders blown;

Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;

And Malice pale of famish'd face;

Loud-tongu'd Clamour, get thee far

Hence, to wrangle at the bar;

With opening mouths vain Rumour hung: And falshood with her serpent tongue: Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire, And hiffing Envy's fnaky tire; With Jealoufy, the fiend most fell Who bears about his inmate hell, Now far apart with haggard mien To lone Suspicion listning seen, Now in a gloomy band appears Of fallow Doubts, and pale-ey'd Fears, Whom dire Remorfe of giant kind Purfues with fcorpion lash behind: And thou Self-love, who tak'st from earth, With the vile crawling worm, thy Birth, Untouch'd with others joy or pain, The focial smile, the tear humane, Thy Self thy fole intemperate gueft, Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast, As if heaven's universal heir 'Twas thine to seize and not to share: With these away, base wretch accurst, By pride begot, by madness nurst, Impiety! of hardned mind, Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind, Unmov'd amidst this mighty all, Deaf to the universal call: In vain above the fystems glow, In vain earth spreads her charms below, Confiding in himself to rife, He hurls defiance to the fkies,

And steel'd in dire and impious deeds Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds. But chiefly Love, Love far off fly, 100 100 Nor interrupt my privacy; militaria inol yla 'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r; Weak tyrant of a feverish hour, a to sold and I Fickle, and ever in extremes, averaged to mo? My radiant day of reason beams, dollars and And Ober Contemplation's ear of I bloom and Disdains thy Syren song to hear, and in the stand I'm Speed thee on changeful wings away; it is vally To where thy willing flaves obey, Go herd amongst thy wonted train, The false, th' inconstant, lewd and vain; Thou hast no subject here, begone, Contemplation comes anon.

Above, below, and all around, Now nought but awful quiet's found, The feeling air forgets to move, No Zephyr ftirs the leafy grove, and and the T The gentlest murmur of the rill sycholog ! dA Struck by the potent charm is still, Each passion in this troubled breast So toiling once lies hulh'd to reft, is blood world Whate'er man's buftling race employs, His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys, Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame, Each nothing of important name, Ye tyrants of this reftless ball This grove annihilates you all.

Oh power unfeet, yet felt, appear!

Now on the flow ring surf I lye, I when and My foul converting with the fleys townstal wolf. Far loft in the bewild'ring dream it to ton a T I wander o'er each lofty theme; o'may, 169 W Tour on Enquiry's wings on high, which all his And foar the heights of Deity : yeb tatcher vM Fain would I fearch the perfect laws That constant bind th' unerring cause; Why all its children, born to fhare and boad Alike a father's equal care: "Him yet sandw o'l Some weep by partial Fate undone, and and and The ravish'd portion of a fon the state of T Whilst he whose I welling cup o'erstows, Heeds not his fuff'ring brother's woes: The good, their virtues all forgot. Mourn need fevere, their deftin'd lote on work While Vice, invited by the great, is gailed ad ? Feafts under canopies of state. The Trying Told Ah! when we see the bad prefer'd, laling ad T Was it eternal justice err'd ? 1970g and ve sports. Or when the good could not prevail, only How could almighty prowels fail ? The property When underneath the oppreffor's blow Afflicted innocence lyes low, and aid and aid Has not th' All feeing eye beheld? I door in an a Or has a stronger arm repell'd? 19 didion died. When death diffolves this brittle frame. VI of Lyes ever quench'd the foul's bright flame?

Or shall th' etherial breath of day Relume once more this living ray? From life escape we all in vain? Heaven finds its creature out again, Again its captive to control, And drive him to another Goal. When Time shall let his curtain fall, Must dreary nothing swallow all? Must we the unfinish'd piece deplore, E'er half the pompous piece be o'er? In his all comprehensive mind, Shall not th' almighty Poet find Some reconciling turn of fate To make his wondrous work compleat, To finish fair his mingled plan. And justify his ways to man? But who shall draw these veils that lye Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye? Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er, Thine to submit and to adore Learn then: Into thyfelf descend. To know thy being's use and end, For thee what nature's kind intent. Or on what fatal journey bent. Is mean Self-love the only guide? Must all be sacrifie'd to pride ? What facred fountains then supply The feeling heart and melting eye? Why does the pleading look difarm The hand of Rage with flaughter warm?

Or in the battle's generous strife, Does Britain quell the luft of life? Next the bold enquiry tries, To trace our various passions rife; This moment Hope exalts the breaft, The next it finks by Fear deprest; Now herce the florms of Wrath begin, Now all is holy calm within. What strikes Ambitions's stubborn springs, What moves Compassion's softer strings; How we in constant friendships join, How in constant hates combine; How nature, for her favourite man Unfolds the wonders of her plan; How fond to treat her chosen guest Provides for every fense a feast; Gives to the wide excursive eye The radiant glories of the sky; Or bids each odorous bloom exhale His foul t'enrich the balmy gale; Or pour upon th' enchanted ear The music of the op'ning year; Or bids the limpid fountain burft, Friendly to life, and cool to thirst; What arts the beauteous dame employs To lead us on to genial joys, When in her specious work we join To propagate her fair delign, The virgin-face divine appears In bloom of youth and prime of years,

And e'er the destin'd heart's aware

Fixes MONIMIA's image there.

Ah me! what helples have I faid? Unhappy by myself betray'd! I deem'd, but ah I deem'd in vain, From the dear image to refrain; For when I fixt my muling thought, Far on folemn views remote; When wandring in the uncertain round Of mazy Doubt, no end I found; O my unbleft and erring feet! What most I fought to shun, ye meet. Come then my ferious Maid again: Come and try another strain; Come and Nature's dome explore, Where dwells retir'd the Matron hoar: There her wondrous works furvey And drive th' intruder Love away.

'Tis done. Ascending Heaven's hight
Contemplation take thy slight:
Behold the Sun, thro' Heav'n's wide space,
Strong as a Giant, run his race;
Behold the Moon, exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry train,
Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain.
See where the snows their treasures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
Where the collected rains abide
'Till heav'n set all its windows wide,

Precipitate

Precipitate from high to pour And drown in violence of flow'r: Or gently strain'd they wash the earth And give the tender fruits a birth. See where Thunder fprings his mine; Where the paths of lightning thine. Or tir'd those hights still to pursue, From heav'n descending with the dew, That foft impregns the youthful mead, Where thouland flow'rs exalt the head, Mark how Nature's hand bestows Abundant grace on all that grows, Tinges, with pencil flow unleen, The grass that cloaths the valley green; Or foreads the tulip's parted ftreaks, Or Sanguine dyes the role's cheeks, Or points with light MONIMIA'S eyes, And forms her bosom's beauteous rife.

Ah! haunting spirit art thou there?
Forbidden in these walks t'appear.
I thought, O Love! thou would'st distain.
To mix with Wisdom's black stay'd train;
But when my curious searching look,
A nice survey of Nature took,
Well pleas'd the Matron set to show
Her mistress work, on earth below.
Then fruitless Knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untry'd
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of Love?

ack similar ill

To friendship's facred force apply That fource of tendernels and joy. A joy no anxious fears prophane, the land yet A tendernels that feels no pain : Fromme hal o'T Friendship shall all these ills appease. And give the tortur'd Mourner cafe, ALMINOM Th' indiffoluble tye, that binds and good In equal chains, two fifter minds, and and are Not fuch as fervile int refts chufe, and home and From partial ends and fordid views; a map ach Nor when the midnight banquet fires, gamen A The choice of wine-inflam'd defires and flag and When the short fellowships proceed, 9 23/10 baA From casual mirth and wicked deed 'Till the next morn estranges quite val val O The partners of one guilty night; it is wolf But fuch as judgment long has weigh'd it most I And years of faithfulnels have try do boval Whole tender mind is fram'd to there of stold The equal portion of my care, and shus har Whole thoughts my happinels employs vol loll Sincere; who triumphs in my joys, I had won't With whom in raptures I may fray, I ow links Thro' Study's long and pathlels way, and W Obscurely bleft, in joys, alone, ld all smoot as Y To the excluded world unknown. The variant Forfook the weak fantaftic train was also of Of Flatt'ry, Mirth, all falle and vain , book W On whose foft and gentle breaft My weary foul may take her reft,

While the still tender look and kind
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me;
Montmia such, and long may be.

Here, here again! how just my fear! Love ever finds admittance here; The cruel Spright intent on harm, and and Has quite diffolv'd the feeble charm; many Assuming Friendship's faintly guise, Has past the cheated Sentry's eyes, And once attain'd his hellish end, and all man ? Displays the undissembled Fiend. O fay ! my faithful fair ally I from the defart bade thee come, * Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home, More to fublime my folemn hour, And curse this Daemon's fatal pow'r; Lo! by superior force opprest, Thou these three feveral times hast bleff. Shall we the magic rites purfue, an mode and we When love is mightier far than thou! Yes come, in blest enchantment skill'd, Another altar let us build; and annulare ada of Go forth as wont, and try to find, Where'er Devotion lies reclin'd

olican in atolescon Thou

[•] Numbers ch. 23.

Thou her fair friend, by Heaven's decree,

Devotion come with fober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lye,
Wrapt in the vision of the sky,
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my heav'n-aspiring Muse;
Teach me to scorn, by thee resin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure thine to put to slight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.
O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treach'rous Felon out.

Now fee! the spreading gates unfold, Display'd the facred leaves of gold. I et me with holy awe repair, To the folemn house of prayer. And as I go, O thou! my heart, Forget each low and earthly part. Religion enter in my breaft, A mild and venerable guest ! Put off in Contemplation drown'd, Each thought impure in holy ground, And cautious tread with awful fear The courts of Heav'n; -- for God is here. Now my grateful voice I raise. Ye Angels fwell a mortal's praise, To charm with your own harmony, The ear of him who fits on high.

C

Grant me, propitious heav'nly Pow'r. Whose love benign we feel each hour, An equal lot, on earth to fhare, Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r, Lest I forget, exalted proud, The hand supreme that gave the good; Lest want o'er Virtue should prevail, And I put forth my hand and steal; But if thy fov'reign will shall grant, The wealth I neither alk nor want; May I the Widow's need supply, And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye; May the weary wand'rer's feet, From me a bleft reception meet! But if contempt and low estate Be the affigument of my fate, O! may no hope of gain entice To tread the green broad path of Vice. And bounteous O! vouchfafe to clear The errors of a mind fincere. Illumine thou my fearthing mind, Groping after Truth and blind. With stores of Science be it fraught That Bards have dream'd, or Sages taught; And chief the heav'n-born strain impart, A Muse according to thy heart; That rapt in facred ecstafy, I may fing and fing of thee; Mankind instructing in thy laws, Bleft Poet in fair Virtue's cause,

Her former merit to reftore, And make mankind again adore, As when conversant with the great, She fixt in palaces her feat. Before her all-revealing ray, Each fordid passion should decay: Ambition shuns the dreaded Dame, And + pales his ineffectual flame; Wealth fighs her triumphs to behold, And offers all his fums of gold; * She in her chariot feen to ride, A noble train attend her fide: A Cherub first, in prime of years, The champion Fortitude appears; Next Temp'rance fober Mistress feen, With look compos'd and chearful mien; Calm Patience still victorious found, With never-fading glories crown'd, Firm Justice last the balance rears, The good man's praise, the bad man's fears; While chief in beauty as in place She charms with dear Monimia's grace.

MONIMIA still! here once again!
O! fatal name. Oh dubious strain!
Say heav'n-born Virtue, Pow'r Divine,
Are all these various movements thine?
Was it thy triumphs, sole inspir'd
My soul to holy transports sir'd?

O

Or fay do springs less facred move? Ah! much I fear, it's human love. Alas! the noble strife is o'er. The blifsful Visions charm no more; Far off the glorious rapture flown, MONIMIA rages here alone. In vain, Love's fugitive, I try From the commanding pow'r to fly, Tho' Grace was dawning on my foul, Possest by Heav'n sincere and whole Yet still in Fancy's painted cells The foul-inflaming image dwells. Why didst thou, cruel Love, again Thus drag me back, to earth and pain? Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire Before the bleft Jessean Lyre. Devotion's harp would charm to rest, The evil Spirit in my breaft; But the deaf adder fell disdains, Unliftning to the Chanter's strains, Contemplation, baffled Maid, Remains there yet no other aid?

Contemplation, baffled Maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpless and weary must thou yield
To Love supreme in ev'ry field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend hoary-mantled Sage.
Sure, at his sable slag's display
Love's idle troop will slit away;
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Hafte thee Silence, hafte and go, To fearch the gloomy world below. My trembling steps O Sybil lead, Thro' the dominions of the dead : dominions of the Where Care, enjoying foft repole, Lays down the burden of his woes; Where Meritorious-want, no more Shiv'ring begs at Grandeur's door; Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes, On the mould'ring purple lyes. In the dim and dreary round, Speech in eternal chains lyes bound. And see a tomb, it's gates displaid, Expands an everlasting shade. O ye inhabitants, that dwell Each forgotten in your cell, O fay, for whom of human race Has fate decreed this hiding place?

And hark! methinks a Spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the Silence speaks.
Mistaken man thou seek'st to know,
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale Bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?
What founds invade a Lover's ear?

Must then thy charms, my anxious care, ?
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good Heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.—

Yet ah! why fwells my breast with fears? Why start the interdicted tears? Love doit thou tempt again? depart Thou Devil, cast out from my heart. Sad I forfook the feast, the ball. The funny bow'r and lofty hall, And fought the dungeon of despair; Yet thou overtakest me there. How little dream'd I, thee to find, In this lone state of human kind? Nor melancholy can prevail. The direful deed, nor difmal tale: Hop'd I for these thou would'st remove? How near akin is Grief to Love? Then no more I strive to shun Love's chains: O Heav'n! thy will be done. The best Physician here I find, To cure a fore diseased mind. For foon this venerable gloom Will yield a weary fufferer room; No more a flave to Love decreed, At ease and free among the dead. Come then ye tears, ne'er cease to flow, In full fatiety of woe: Tho' now the Maid my heart alarms, Severe and mighty in her charms,

Doom'd

Doom'd to obey, in bondage preft,
The Tyrant Love's commands unbleft;
Pals but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form belov'd shall ever sy.
The Tyranny of Love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

M DCC XXVI.

A Ccept, O EGLINTOUN! the rural Lays,
Thine be the friends, and thine the Poet's praise.
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of Beauty, and the force of Love,

Once

Once more resumes the still successful lav,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with Her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of Love.

Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing fires, Inflame the breast that real Love inspires, Delighted read of ardors, sighs, and tears; All that a lover hopes, and all he fears: Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise, What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes, When first the Fair is bounteous to relent, And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent. Love's passion here in each extreme is shown.

In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage, Love courted Beauty in a golden age, Pure and untaught, such Nature sirst inspir'd, Ere yet the Fair affected phrase admir'd. His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art, His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart. He speaks his loves so artless and sincere, As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows

Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;

Secure alike from envy, and from care,

Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;

Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that Heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the Rural state these joys has lost, Even fwains no more that innocence can boaft. Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe, Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive. Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat, The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat. The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace, Companion to an upright fober race; When on the funny hill, or verdant plain, Free and familiar with the fons of men. To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast, She uninvited came a welcome guest: Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts. Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts. Then grudging Hate, and finful Pride fucceed, Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed; Then dowrless Beauty lost the power to move; The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of Love. Bounteous no more, and hospitably good, The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood. The friend no more upon the friend relies, And semblant falshood puts on Truth's disguise.

D

The peaceful houshold fill'd with dire alarms,

The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;

The voice of impious mirth is heard around;

In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.

Unpunish'd vi'lence lords it o'er the plains,

And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

O Happinels! from human fearch retir'd, Where art thou to be found, by all defir'd? Nun fober and devout! why art thou fled To hide in shades thy meek contented head? Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind, Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind? Q! teach our steps to find the secret cell, Where with thy Sire Content thou lov'ft to dwell, Or fay, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait Familiar, at the chambers of the great? Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call To noisy revel, and to midnight ball? O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul, Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl? Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk, Conversing freely in an ev'ning walk? Say, does the mifer e'er thy face behold, Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold? Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r, Still musing filent at the morning hour? May we thy presence hope in war's alarms, In S—'s wildom, or Montgomery's arms!

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile; The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:

In vain we feek the city or the cell; Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell. Nor need mankind despair these joys to know, The gift themselves may on themselves bestow. Soon, foon we might the precious bleffing boaft; But many passions must the bleffing cost; Infernal malice, inly pining hate, And envy grieving at another's state. Revenge no more must in our hearts remain, Or burning luft, or avarice of gain. When these are in the human bosom nurst, Can peace refide in dwellings fo accurft; Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breaft, Calm and ferene, enjoys the heavenly guest; From the tumultuous tule of passions freed, Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed. In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd, Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind; Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame, How fwift to praife, how obstinate to blame! Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears, And backward Merit loses all its fears. Supremely bleft by Heav'n, Heav'n's richest grace Confest is thine, an early blooming race, Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm, Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm. What transports shall they to thy soul impart! (The conscious transports of a parent's heart.) When thou behold'ft them of each grace possest, And fighing youths imploring to be bleft,

After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the vifit, or the dance to fhine.
Thrice happy! who fucceed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTOUNS of futrue days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native's Poet's strains.

In ancient garb the home bred muse appears,
The garb our Muses wore in former years.
As in a glass resected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
And virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own;
While midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O EGLINTOUN! delight thee most,
T'enjoy that innocence the world has lost.



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O D E I

To FANCY.

Ancy, bright and winged Maid! In thy night drawn car convey'd, O'er the green earth, and wide spread main, A thousand shadows in thy train, A vary'd air-embody'd hoft, To don what shapes thou pleasest most: Brandish no more thy scorpion stings Around the destin'd couch of Kings; Nor in rebellion's ghaftly fize A dire gigantic spectre rise: Cease, for a while, in rooms of state To damp the flumbers of the Great; In Merit's lean look'd form t'appear, And holla Traitor in their ear: Or Freedom's holier garb bely, While Justice grinds her ax fast by: Nor o'er the Miser's eye-lids pour The unrefreshing golden show'r; Whilst, keen th' unreal blis to feel, His breast bedews the ruffian steel.

With these, (when next thou tak'st thy found)
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound:

Thefe

These swell the horrors and affright Of Confcience' keen condemning night, For this (nor, gracious Pow'r! repine) A gentler Ministry be thine: Whate'er inspires the Poet's theme, Or Lover's hope enliven'd dream. MONIMIA's mildelt form affume; Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom Unfold her eyes unblemish'd rays, That melt to Virtue as we gaze; That Envy's pulltielt with difarm, And view benign a kindred charm: Call all the Graces from thy store, 'Till thy creative pow'r be o'er; Bid her each breathing fweet difpense, And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is giv'nt the spells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of still repose
Pregnant with some new wonder grows:
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise;
Slow in Montata's form, along
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the Virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch preceeds,
In a gown of stainless lawn,
O'er each manly shoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,
The Boy that bears her flowing train?

Behind

Behind his back a quiver hung,
A bended bow acrois is flung:
His head and heels two wings upfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold.
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
Joys unseign'd and chaste desires.
And thou, of Love deceitful child!
With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,
Fantastic by thyself, and vain,
But seemly seen in Hymen's train:
If Fate be to my wishes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd.
But if the Fates my wish deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.

The Spell works on: yet flop the day While in the house of sleep I stay. About me fwells the fudden grove, The woven arbourette of Love; Flow'rs fpring unbidden o'er the ground, And more than Nature plants around. Fancy, prolong the kind repole Still, still th' enchanting vision glows; And now I gaze o'er all her charms, Now fink transported in her arms. Oh facred Energy divine! All these enraptur'd scenes are thine. Hail! copious source of pure delight; All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite; Endearing Truth thy train attends, And thou and meek-ey'd Peace are friends:

Closer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the rose-empurpt'd show'r:
The mystic Joy impatient slies
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
Unenvy'd let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,
Indulging here, in blis supreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
For see! she glides, she glides away.

Oh Fancy! why did'ft thou decoy My thoughts into this dream of Joy, Then to forfake me all alone. To mourn the fond delution gone? O! back again, benign, restore The pictur'd vision as before. Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes i Arise, ye dear deceits, arise. Ideas bland! where do ye rove? Why fades my visionary grove? Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train, Then will you, to the proud and vain, From me, fantastic, wing your flight, T' adorn the dream of false delight? But now, feen in MONIMIA's air, Can you assume a form less fair. Some idle Beauty's with fupply, The mimic triumphs of her eye? Grant all to me this live-long night Let charms detain the rifing light For this one night my liv'ries wear, And I absolve you for the year.

What time your poppy-crowned God Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad, Ere yet the cock to mattins rings, And the lark with mounting wings, The simple village-swain has warn'd To shake off sleep by labour earn'd; Or on the role's filken hem, Aurora weeps her earliest gem; Or, beneath the op'ning dawn, Smiles the fair-extended lawn. When in the foft encircled shade Ye find reclin'd the gentle Maid, Each bufy motion laid to reft. And all compos'd her peaceful breaft: Swift paint the fair internal scene, The phantom labours of your reign; The living imag'ry adorn With all the limnings of the morn, With all the treasures Nature keeps Conceal'd below the forming deeps; Or dress'd in the rich waving pride, That covers the green mountain's fide, Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale In the wide embosom'd vale. Let pow'rful Music too esfay The magic of her hidden lay: While each harsh thought away shall fly Down the full stream of harmony,

Compassion mild shall fill their place,
Each gentle minister of grace,
Pity, that often melts to Love,
Let weeping Pity, kind improve,
The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take
Whate'er impressions Love shall make.
Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,
When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r;
When sighing Love, mild simple boy,
Courtship sweet, and tender joy,
Alone possess the fair one's heart;
Let me then, Fancy, bear my part.

Oh Goddefs! how I long t'appear; The hour of dear fuccess draws near: See where the crouding Shadows wait; Haste and unfold the iv'ry gate: Ye gracious forms, employ your aid, Come in my anxious look array'd, Come Love, come Hymen, at my pray'r Led by blyth Hope, ye decent pair University All A By mutual confidence combin'd. As erst in sleep I saw you join'd. Fill my eyes with heart swell'd tears, Fill my breast with heart born fears, Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd, Part look'd, and only wish'd the reit; Make fighs, and speaking forrows prove, Suffering much, how much I love: Make the Mules lyre complain, Strung by me in warbled strain;

Let the melodious numbers flow
Pow'rful of a Lover's woe,
Till, by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear shall gain her heart.

Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er;
I feel my forrows vex no more:
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return.

ODE II.

Begone, Pursuits so vain and light;
Knowledge, fruitless of delight;
Lean Study, Sire of fallow doubt,
I put thy musing taper out:
Fantastic all, a long adieu;
For what has love to do with you?
For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,
To satisfy my soul's desires;
For, lo, I seek the sacred walls
Where Love, and gentle Beauty, calls:
For me she has adorn'd the room,
For me has shed a rich persume:
Has she not prepar'd the Tea?
The kettle boils — she waits for me.

I come, nor fingle, but along Youthful sports a jolly throng! Thoughtless joke, and Infant wiles; Harmless wit, and Virgin smiles;

Tender

Tender words, and kind intent: Languish fond, and blandishment: Yielding curtfey, whilper low; Silken blush, with cheeks that glow: Chafte delires, and wishes meet: Thin clad Hope, a foot-man fleet: Modesty, that turns aside, And backward strives her form to hide; Healthful Mirth, still gay and young, And Meekness with a maiden's tongue; Satire, by good humour dres'd In a many-colour'd vest: And enter leaning at the door. Who fend'st thy flaunting page before, The roguish boy of kind delight. Attendant on the Lover's night, Fair his ivory shuttle flies Thro' the bright threads of mingling dies, As fwift his rofy fingers move To knit the filken cords of Love: And stop who foftly stealing goes Occasion high on her tiptoes, Whom Youth with watchful look espies, To seize the forelock ere she flies, Ere he her bald pate shall survey, And well-ply'd heels to run away.

But, anxious Care, be far from hence; Vain surmise, and alter'd sense; Mishapen doubts, the woes they bring; And Jealousy, of siercest sting;

Despair,

Despair, that folitary stands, And wrings a halter in his hands; Flatt'ry false and hollow found, And Dread, with eye still looking round; Avarice, bending under pelf; Conceit, still gazing on herself: O Love! exclude high crefted Pride. Nymph of Amazonian stride: Nor in these walls, like waiting-maid, Be Curiolity furvey'd, That to the key-hole lays her ear, List'ning at the door to hear; Nor Father Time, unless he's found In triumph led by Beauty bound. Forc'd to yield to Vigour's stroke. His blunted feythe and hour glass broke.

But come, all ye who know to please;
Inviting glance, and downy ease;
The heart born joy, the gentle care;
Soft breath'd wish, and power of Prayer;
The single vow, that means no ill;
Believing Quiet, submissive Will;
Constancy of meekest mind,
That suffers long, and still is kind;
All ye who put our woes to slight;
All ye who minister delight;
Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;
Meaning winks, and roguish trips;
Fond deceits, and kind surprises;
Sudden sinks, and sudden rises;

Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights;
Jolly dance, and girds, and flights:
Then, to make me wholly blest,
Let me be there a welcome guest.

ODE III.

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TOW Spring begins her fmiling round, Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground; The birds exalt their chearful voice, And gay on every bough rejoice. The lovely Graces, hand in hand, Knit in Love's eternal band. With dancing step at early dawn, Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn. Where-e'er the youthful Sifters move, They fire the foul to genial Love. Now, by the river's painted fide, The fwain delights his country bride: While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows; Above the feather'd fongster wooes. Soon will the ripen'd fummer yield Her various gifts to ev'ry field; Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show, With ruby tinctur'd births shall glow;

Sweet

Sweet finells, from beds of liles born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The funny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my Fair invite;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool she enjoys the evening shade;
The sweets of summer feast her eye:
Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by the moral flow:
Now young and blooming thou art feen,
Fresh on the stalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
Full blown to sight the blushing rose:
Yet, once the sunny season past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last;
Let not the flatt'rer Hope persuade:
Ah! must I say that this will fade!

For see the Summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now Winter, from the frozen North,
Drives his iron chariot forth;
His grizly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's filver flood constrains:
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold his footstepts dire are seen
Confess'd on many a with ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see,
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,

Frequenting

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou sly'st, displeas'd, the barren shore.
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,
Be like to this another day!

Yet, when in snow and dreary frost The pleasure of the field is lost, To blazing hearths at home we run, And fires supply the distant Sun; In gay delights our hours employ, We do not lose, but change our joy; Happy abandon ev'ry care, To lead the dance, to court the Fair, To turn the page of ancient Bards, To drain the bowl, and deal the cards. But when the beauteous white and red From the pale ashy cheek is fled; When wrinkles dire, and Age fevere, Make Beauty fly we know not where: The Fair whom Fates unkind difarm, Have they for ever ceas'd to charm? Or is there left some pleasing art, To keep secure a captive heart?

Unhappy Love! might lovers fay,
Beauty, thy food does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What Art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;

endomental.

Tho' extaly with beauty flies,

Esteem is born when beauty dies.

Happy to whom the Fates decree

The gift of beav'n in giving thee:

Thy beauty shall his youth engage;

Thy virtues shall delight his age.



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NEW YEAR M DCC XXXIX

TANUS, who with sliding pace, Run'st a never ending race, And driv'ft about, in prone career, The whirling circle of the year; Kindly indulge a little flay, I beg but one fwift hour's delay: O! while th' important minutes wait, Let me revolve the books of fate; See what the coming year intends To me, my country, kind and friends. Then may'ft thou wing thy flight, and go, To scatter blindly joys and woe; Spread dire disease, or purest health, And, as thou lifts, grant place or wealth: This hour, with-held by potent charms, Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'rs mad arms;

Kings feel their inward torments left,
And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,
The same strange farce to act again;
Again the weary human play'rs
Advance, and take their several shares:
Clodius riots, Caesar sights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's sierce son controuls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To Time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary unfrequented seats;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours and days;
Then flies, the seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,
The vast designs of human kind;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Publick revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to fordid interest given,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heaven;
What Avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan, and the poor;
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on the unthaukful feast.
Ye Kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful court appear:

Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie;
She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
As conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train, How often merit su'd in vain. See, there, undry'd, the widows tears; See, there, unfooth'd the orphan's fears: Yet, look, what mighty fums appear, The vile profusion of the year. Could'st thou not, impious Greatness, give The smallest alms, that want might live? And yet, how many a large repast, Pall'd the rich glutton's fickly tafte ! One table's vain intemp'rate load, With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd, Had bleft the cottage peaceful shade, And given its children health and bread: The ruftic fire, and faithful spouse, With each dear pledge of honest vows, Had, at the fober-tafted meal, Repeated off the grateful tale; Had hymn'd, in native language free, The fong of thanks to heaven and thee; A music that the great ne'er hear, Yet sweeter to th' internal ear, Than any foft feducing note E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

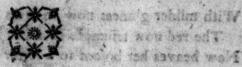
Asquat

Let's still fearch on-This bundle's large. What's here ? 'Tis Science' plaintive charge-Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh, (Neglected all her treasures lie) That none her fecret haunts explore, To learn what Plato taught before; Her fons feduc'd to turn their parts To flattery's more thriving arts; Refine their better fense away And join Corruption's flag, for pay, See his reward the gamester share, Who painted moral virtue fair; Inspir'd the minds of gen'rous youth To love the simple mistress Truth; The patriot path diffinctly show'd, That Rome and Greece to glory trode; That self-applause is noblest fame, And Kings may greatness link to shame, While honesty is no disgrace, And peace can smile without a place. Hear too Astronomy repine, Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine Who travels boundless aether thro, And brings the distant orbs to view. Can she her broken glass repair, Tho' Av'rice has her all to spare ? What mighty secrets had been found, Was Virtue mistress of five pound? Yet see where, given to wealth and pride, A bulky pension lies beside.

Avaunt

Avaunt then, Riches; no delay; I fourn th' ignoble heaps away. What the your charms can purchase all The giddy honours of this ball: Make nature's germans all divide. And haughty peers renounce their pride; Can buy proud Flavia's fordid fmile. Or, ripe for fate, this destin'd isle. Tho' Greatness condescends to pray, Will time indulge one hour's delay, Or give the wretch intent on pelf. One moment's credit with himfelf? Virtue, that true from falle discerns, The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns, Superior far to Fortune's frown, Bestows alone the stable crown, The wreath from honour's root that springs, That fades upon the brows of Kings. When as the yearth, encircular and the and a terrors .





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ON SEEING

Lady MARY MONTGOMERY

SIT TO HER PICTURE

Or give the MOITATIMI MI

OF SPENCERS STILE.

When Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid,
And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,
Pleas'd I sat by, and joyfully survey'd
The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er Careful retouch'd with strict observant view; Estsoons I saw how charms unseen before Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes, The red now triumphs to a brighter rose; Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise, And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush that pure of semale wile, I whilom knew when so my stars decreed, My pipe she deign'd to laud in pleasing smile, All undeserving I such worthy meed.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah! felice Art thought I,

Ah! felice youth that doen it poffes;

Couth to depeint the fair so verily,

True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she cannot emulate her skill,

Ne envy will the Muse her sisters praise,

Then for the deed, O let her place the will,

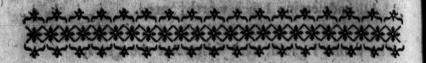
And to the glowing colours join her layes.

Yet algates would the nine, that high on hill Parnasse, sweet Imps of Jove, with Jove reside, Give me to reign the siery steed at will, And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide.

Then certes mought we fate misprise, of praise Secure, if the dear maid in beauties bloom Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,. Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.



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MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY,

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F A B L E

IN THE MANNER

OF THE LATE Mr. GAY.

A Tender Miss, whom mother's care
Bred up in whollome country air,
Far from the follies of the town,
Alike untaught to finile or frown;
Her ear unus'd to flatt'ry's praise,
Unknown in woman's wicked ways;
Her tongue from modish tattle free,
Undipp'd in scandal and bohea;
Her genuine form and native grace
Were strangers to a looking-glass:
Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,
And valu'd not quadrille or man;
But simple liv'd, just as you know
Miss Cloe did—some weeks ago,

As now the pretty Innocent
Walk'd forth to tafte the early scent,

She tripp'd about the murm'ring stream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.
The morning sweet, the air serene,
A thousand flow'rs adorn'd the scene;
The birds rejoicing round appear
To chuse their conforts for the year;
Her heart was light, and full of play,
And, like herself, all nature gay.

On such a day, as Sages sing,
A BUTTERFLY was on the wing;
From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,
He stretch'd the gold bespangled plume:
Now skims along, and now alights
As smell allures, or grace invites;
Now the violet's freshness sips;
Now kis'd the rose's scarlet sips;
Becomes anon the daisy's guest;
Then pres'd the lily's snowy breast;
Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,
But just salutes, and slies away.

The virgin faw with rapture fir'd;
She faw, and what she faw desir'd,
The shining wings, and starry eyes,
And burns to seize the living prize:
Her beating breast and glowing face
Betray her native love of dress,
And all the woman full exprest
First slutters in her little breast:
Ensoar'd by empty outward show,
She swift pursues the insect-beau;

Long as the sun, with genial pow'r
Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,
The Nymph o'er every border slew.
And kept the shining game in view:
But when, soft breathing thro' the trees,
With coolness came the evening-breeze;
As hov'ring o'er the tulip's pride
He hung with wing diversify'd,
Caught in the hollow of her hand,
She held the captive at command.

Flutt'ring in vain to be releas'd,

He thus the gentle nymph address'd:

Loose, gen'rous virgin, loose my chain;

From me what glory canst thou gain?

A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring thing,

My only boast a gorgeous wing;

From flow'r to flow'r I idly stray,

The trister of a summer's day:

Then let me not in vain implore,

But leave me free again to soar,

His words the little charmer mov'd.

She the poor trembler's fuit approv'd.

His gaudy wings he then extends,

And flutters on her fingers ends:

From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,

In strains well worth a woman's ear.

When now thy young and tender age
Is pure, and heedless to engage;

hor total on Joseph

When

When in thy free and open mein No felf important air is feen; Unknowing all, to all unknown. Thou liv'ft, or prais'd, or blam'd by none. But when, unfolding by degrees The woman's fond defire to please. Studious to heave the artful figh, Mistress of the tongue and eye, Thou fett'ft thy little charms to flow, And sports familiar with the beau; Forfaking then the simple plain, To mingle with the courtly train, Thou in the midnight ball shalt see Things apparell'd just like me; Who round and round, without delign, Tinsel'd in empty lustre shine: As dancing thro' the spacious dome, From fair to fair the friskers roam, If charm'd with the embroider'd pride, The victim of a gay out-fide, From place to place, as me jull now, The glitt'ring gewgaw you purfue, What mighty prize shall crown thy pains ! A Butterfly is all thy gains! enclosy Cont. I'ver



For Vestin eyery bear't fanlane.



TO the manage that

A L A D Yes auditus)

the words with a first property and the

Oh her taking something ill that Mr. H. faid.

Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
Or what his gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And ly obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor filly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name? Thy form so fair, and faultless stands, That could ill tongues abuse thy fame, Thy beauty could make large amends: Or if I durst profanely try Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid, Thy virtue well might give the lie, Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t'ensnare, With all her charms has deckt thy face,

And

And Pallas with unufual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial Maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in terment live,
But smile, and learn to copy heaven;
Since we must fin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appear'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.



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UPON HEARING

His PICTURE

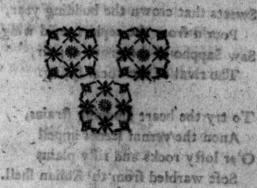
WAS IN A LADY'S BREAST.

YE gods! was Strephon's picture bleft
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast!
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart.
Oh gently throb,—too sierce thou art.
Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the blis design'd!
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade!

And thou bleft shade, that sweetly art Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing I it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord Of all the wealth those breasts afford, I'd be a mifer too, nor give An alms to keep a god alive. Oh finile not thus, my levely fair, On these cold looks, that lifeless air, Prize him whose bosom glows with sire, With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid, To life can bring the filent shade: Thou can'ft surpass the painter's art, And real warmth and slames impart. But oh! it ne'er can love like me, I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee: Then, charmer, grant my fond request, Say thou canst love, and make me blest.



Or fact as in the bright applies.

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Charles and

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True bing when OorT love with fire

A YOUNG LADY

ON HER SINGING.

Such, skill'd the tender verse to frame,
And softly strike the golden lyre;
A stranger to the softning slame,
And new to ev'ry mild desire.

Sweets that crown the budding year,
Pour'd from the zephirs tepid wing,
Saw Sappho in the grove appear,
The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart fubduing strains, Anon the vernal scenes impell O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains Soft warbled from th' Eolian shell.

Or such as in the bright abodes,

The youngest Muse with glories crown'd,

To whom the Sire of men and Gods

Gave all the enchanting pow'r of sound.

As at the banquet of the sky,

Freed from the giant's impious arms,

She drew each heavenly ear and eye,

With beauty mingling music's charms.

Had such a voice sure to prevail,
Soft warbled from the syren strand,
What wonder, if each amorous sail
Spontaneous sought the tuneful land.

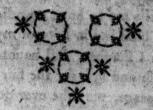
Even thou who cautious wing'st thy way,
Had given thy tedious wandrings o'er;
By Julia's all-persuading lay
Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.

A face so sweet had sure prevail'd

With wisdom's self to hear the voice,

Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,

Here wisdom might have six'd his chairs.





SONG.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine? She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine; She does not disdain me, not frown in her wrath, But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:

She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs.

A bosom so slinty, so gentle an air,

Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despoir!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears: Her answer confounds, while her manner endears; When softly the tells me to hope no relief, My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I flumber, still haunted with care, I start up in anguish and sigh for the fair:

The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!

And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

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SONG.

A H the shepherd's mournful fate,

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,

To bear the scornful fair one's hate,

Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,

My secret soul discover;

While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,

Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redning cheek,

O'erspread with rising blushes,

A thousand various ways they speak

A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That arties blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

Them and drighted of sections of son 8,0 N G.



S O N G.

Dieu ye pleasant sports and plays, Farewel each fong that was diverting ; Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays, I fing of Delia and Damon's parting. Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd The dear tormenting pleasant passions Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd On him to shew his inclination. Just as the fair one feem'd to give A patient ear to his love story, Damon must his Delia leave, To go in quest of toilsome glory. Half spoken words hung on his tongue, Their eyes refus'd the usual greeting; And fighs supply'd their wonted song, These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.

A. Dear idol of my foul, adieu:

Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,

While Damon lives, he lives for you,

No other charms shall ever move me.

B. Alas? who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

A. If ever I forget my vows,

May then my guardian angel leave me:

And more to aggravate my woes,

Be you so good as to forgive me.

SONG.

Who this destin'd heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the figh fincere,
Who melts to fee the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad, Who forrows when she sees me sad; For peace and me can pomp resign, Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose foul with gen'rous friendship glows; Who feels the blessing she bestows; Gentle to all, but kind to me, Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts devoid of art, Are all the natives of her heart; A simple train, from falsehood free, Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light coquets, retire
Whom glittering fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is, Raise up some rival to my blis; * And should she change, but can that be? No other maid is made for me.

SONG.



A S O N G

and the transfer business of the second

By a Young LADY on reading the foregoing.

on her west worked as a Ducke house her

If you would know, my dearest friend,
The man whose merit may pretend
To gain my heart, that yet is free,
Him that's made for love and me:
His mind shou'd be his chiefest care,
All his improvements centre there,

From each unmanly passion free;
That is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms, Whom sacred virtue ever charms, Who to no vice a slave will be; This is the man who's made for me.

Whose tongue can easily impart
The dictates of his honest heart,
In plain good sense; from flattr'y free;
Such he must be who's made for me.

He alone can love inspire,
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;
Humane and gen'rous, kind and free;
That is the man who's made for me.

M M O 2

No other wall it thatlaits the

If fuch an one, my friend e'er tries

To make me his by frictest ties,

The study of my life shall be,

To please the man so dear to me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,

Who only your dear selves admire;

Tho' deck'd in richest lace you be,

No tinsel'd sop has charms for me.

Glasgow.



R E P L Y

By Mr. HAMILTON.

-Sed que legat ipsa Lycoris. VIRG.

O Gentle maid! whoe'er thou art,
That feek'st to bless a friendly heart;
Whose muse and mind seem fram'd to prove
The tenderness of mutual love:

The heart that flutters in his breaft,
That longs and pants to be at reft,
Roam'd all around thy fex, to find
A gentle mate; and hop'd her kind.

I saw a face—and found it fair;

I search'd a mind—saw goodness there:

Goodness and beauty both combin'd;

But Heav'n forbad her to be kind.

To thee for refuge dare I fly,
The victim of another eye?
Poor gift! a lost, rejected heart,
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.

From this inevitable chain,
Alas! I hope to 'scape in vain.
Is there a pow'r can set me free,
A pow'r on earth—or is it thee!

Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair; Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there, Such as she bles'd Adonis' arms; Thou couldst but equal LAURA's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combin'd,
Thou couldst but equal Laura's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found
Of equal force to sooth this wound,
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays
That warble forth another's praise,
Indulgent to the vow unknown,
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear
That swell to touch another's ear?
Canst thou with soft compassion see
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;

All thefe refign, and prove to me
What Laura wou'd not deign to be?
When at thy feet I trembling fall,
My life, my foul, my Laura call;
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhans Time's constant of the life.

Perhaps Time's gently stealing pace
May Laura's fatal form efface,
Thou to my heart alone be dear,
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel! to my aid;
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid:
If thou canst work this cure divine,
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

Edinburgh! John if nov that and the



THE

Young LADY'S ANSWER.

YOur LAURA's charms I cannot boast;
For beauty I ne'er was a toast;
I'm not remarkable for sense?
To wit I've not the least pretence.
If gold and silver have the power
To charm, no thousands swell my dower;
No shining treasures I posses,
To make the world my worth confess.

K

An honest, plain, good natur'd lass, and the (The character by which I pass), and the I doubt will scarcely have the art.

To drive your LAURA from your heart.

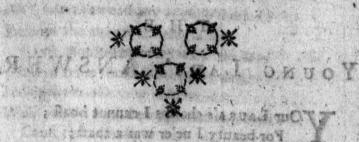
But, Sir, your having been in love,
Will not your title to me prove:

Far nobler qualities must be
In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true, you can with ease impart
The dictates of your honest heart,
In plain good sense, from flatt'ry free:
But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care;
Try if you find your picture there:
For by that test you'll quickly see,
If you're the man who's made for me.

Glafgow.



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To write I or not the leads presence

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Lo alde the weekl soy worth carefein

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BRAES of YARROW,

and here to reside of the owners i may be good back

Lady JANE HOME,

IN IMITATION

OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH MANNER.

A: Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?

Where gat ye that winlome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen.

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winfome marrow,

Nor let thy heart lament to leive

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride? Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and forrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver luver dear,

Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comliest swain

That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red ! ...
Why on thy braes heard the voice of forrow?
And why you melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow!

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and forrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I flew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears, with dule and forrow,

And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye fifters fifters fad,

Te lifters fad, his tomb with forrow,

And weep around in waeful wife,

His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of forrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,

And warn from fight, but to my forrow,

O'er rashly bald a stronger arm

Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet shells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow slowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braces the birk,
The apple frace the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In floury bands thou him did'st fetter,
Tho' he was fair and weil beluv'd again,
Than me, he never lued thee better.

Bulk ye, then bulk, my bony bony bride,

Bulk ye, bulk ye, my winfome marrow,

Bulk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,

And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

G. How can I bulk a bony bony bride,

How can I bulk a winfome marrow,

How lue him on the banks of Tweed,

That flew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,

No dew thy tender bloffoms cover,

For there was basely slain my luve,

My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,

His purple vest, 'twas my awn sening,

Ah! wretched me! I little sittle ken'd

He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk white milk white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;

I fang, my voice the woods returning,

But lang e'er night the spear was flown

That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

ANN.

What

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purfue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy fifters may be may be proud,
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Brace
My luyer nailed in his cossin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,

And strive with threatning words to muve me,

My luver's blood is on thy spear,

How can'st thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve, With bridal fheets my body cover, Unbar ye bridal maids the door, Let in the expected hulband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's you,

Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

e classes in the same of a confidence

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lye all night between my briefts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

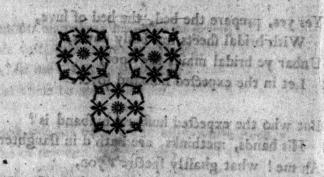
Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my briefts,

No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy ufeless forrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.



calc as he is, here lay him lay him dowe;
O lay his void here on my pilkow;
This off also aff their trival welds,
And crown my careful beed with well on.

Comes, in his pale throad, theeding after.



Come may dear 3 Hall Jana and and

FLOWER of YARROW,

Como level y man Oliver of the como

Lady MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest,
To live on heauteous Mary's breast;
Go Yarrow flower so sweetly smelling,
Is there on earth so soft a dwelling?

Go lovely flower, thou prettieft flower, That ever fmil'd in Yarrow bower, Go daughter of the dewy morning, With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go lovely Role, what do'ft thou here!
Ling'ring away thy short liv'd year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue, No hand to pull, no eye to view; What are thy charms no heart defiring? What profits beauty none admiring?

Go Yarrow flower to Yarrow maid, And on her panting bosom laid, There all thy native form confessing, The charm of beauty is possessing.

T.

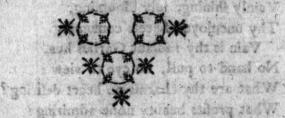
Come Yarrow maid from Yarrow field,
What pleasure can the defart yield?
Come to my breast O all excelling,
Is there on earth so kind a dwelling?

Come my dear maid, thou prettiest maid, That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade, Come sister of the dewy morning, With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come lovely maid, love calls thee here,
Linger no more thy fleeting year,
Vainly flining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets confuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to prefs, no eye to view;
What are thy charms no heart defiring?
What profits beauty none admiring?

Come Yarrow maid with Yarrow role,
Thy maiden graces all diclose;
Come blest by all, to all a blessing,
The charm of beauty is possessing.



Lieu world be town wint out

There all the agains form confession.

And as ner prouder boxon late.



S O N G.

was remarked the tunched wave. TE shepherds of this pleasant vale Where Yarrow streams along Forfake your rural toils and join In my triumphant fong, to voi to motor w She grants, the yields; one beavenly fmile Atones her long delays, One happy minute crowns the pains Of many fuffiring days. Raife, raife the victor notes of joy, These suffering days are o'er, back and Love fatiates now his boundless wish From beauties boundless from ; No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears This riling calm deftroy, dans a Now every prospect smiles around All opening into joy. The fun with double luftre from That dear confenting hour, Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale New colour'd every flower; The gales their gentle fighs withheld, No leaf was feen to move, The hov'ring fongsters round were mute. And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more refound The lambkin's tender cry. Without one murmur Yarrow stole In dimpling filence by: All nature feem'd in still repose Her voice alone to hear. That gently roll'd the tuneful wave. She fpoke and bleft my ear. Take, take, whate'er of bless or joy You fondly fancy mine, was when I Whate'er of joy or bles I boaft was your at Love renders wholly thine; The woods ftruck up, to the foft gale. The leaves were feen to move. The feather'd choir refum'd their voice. And wonder filled the grove. The hills and dales again refound The lambkins tender cry, went astalled and I With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd The fong of triumph by; Above, beneath, around, all on all all Was verdure, beauty, fong, I match'd her to my trembling breaft, Il All nature joy'd along.



The few fring longiters bound were noted.



SONG.

O plaintive founds! and to the fair
My fecret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is listning now,
To some enchanting strain,
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes plaintive founds, yet, yet delay, Howe'er my love repine, Let that gay minute pass away, The next perhaps is thine.

Yes plaintive founds, no longer croft, Your griefs shall soon be o'er, Her cheek undimpled now, has lost The smile it lately wore.

Yes plaintive founds, she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
And be that softness, love.

Ceafe

Cease plaintive sounds, your talk is done,
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward fhew amils,
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.



Yes plaintive founds, no honger work, a Your priefs that! hoop he ofermal to Fee check underpied now, has loft are the foule it levely wore.

You plaintive foundly, the new is yourself of new your time to move;

Liky to folian all her powing.

And he that foliacies large - i

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你人妻女妻女妻女妻女妻女妻女妻女妻女妻

SON G.

You alk me, charming fair,
Why thus I penfive go,
From whence proceeds my care,
What nourifhes my woe?

Why feek'st the cause to find
Of ills that I endure!
Ah! why so vainly kind
Unless resolv'd to cure!

It needs no magic art,

To know whence my alarms,

Examine your own heart,

Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire,
Along the vale advance,
To raife, at your defire,
The lay, or form the dance.

Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.

While

Whilst on my love you put
No value; —Or the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village slame.

At this my colour flies,

My breast with forrow lieaves,

The pain I would disguise,

Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all display'd,

Too strong for art to hide,

How soon the heart's betray'd

With such a clue to guide!

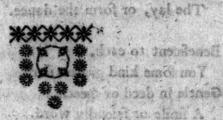
How cruel is my fate,

Affronts I could have born,

Found comfort in your hate,

Or triumph'd in your scorn.

But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driven to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.



Caleft resolved to c



ON

Lord NEWHALL

O fame let Flatt'ry the proud column raise, And guilty greatness load with venal praise, This monument for nobler use design'd Speaks to the heart, and rifes for mankind; Whose moral strain, if rightly understood, Invites thee to be humble, wife and good. Learn here of life, life's ev'ry facred end, Hence form the father, husband, judge and friend : Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace, The poor look'd fearless in th' oppressors face; One plain good meaning thro' his conduct ran, And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man. If then unconscious of so fair a fame Thou read'st without the wish to be the same. The proud of titles, or of boundless store, By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor, Yet read; some vice perhaps thou may'lt relign, Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine, Heav'n in thy breaft here work its first essay, Think on this man, and pass unblam'd one day.

EPITAPH

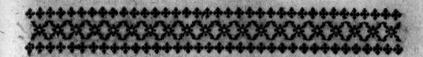


ON

Lord BINNY.

Eneath this facred marble ever fleeps For whom a father, mother, confort weeps Whom brothers, fifters pious griefs pursue. And childrens tears with virtuous drops bedew: The Loves and Graces grieving round appear, Ev'n Mirth herself becomes a mourner here: The stranger who directs his steps this way Shall witness to thy worth, and wond'ring say, Thy life, tho' fhort, can we unhappy call! Sure thine was bleft, for it was focial all : O may no hoslile hand this place invade, For ever facred to thy gentle shade, Who knew in all life's offices to pleafe. Join'd tafte to virtue, and to virtue eafe: With riches bleft did not the poor disdain. Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humano, By good men honour'd, by the bad approv'd, And lov'd the Muses, by the Muses lov'd; Hail! and farewel, who bore the gentlest mind, For thou indeed haft been of human kind.

EPITAPH



ON

Lord BARGANY.

O hence instructed from this early urn,

Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose,
How vain the seeting good that life bestows!
Learn Age, when now it can no more supply,
To quit the burden, and consent to dy;
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell,
How long the part was acted, but how well;
Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,
Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and same,
Thy life a moment, and thy same a breath,
The natural end, oblivion and death;
Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,
Submiss adore, for this is mankind's all.



the converge this Chiefe, we write or cities;



D N

Sir JAMES SOOTY.

His unambitious stone preserves a name To friendship sanctify'd, untouch'd by fame, A fon this rais'd, by holy duty fir'd, These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspir'd. No venal falshood stain'd the filial tear Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere; Both for a good man weep; without offence, Who led his days in ease and innocence, His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile. His heart no falshood knew, his tongue no guile : A simple mind with plain, just notions fraught. Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught. Nature's plain light still rightly understood. That never helitates the fair and good----Who view'd felf balanc'd from his calm retreat. The storms that vex the busy and the great, Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befel Pity'd his fuff'ring kind, and wish'd 'em well; Careless if Monarchs frown'd, or statesmen smil'd. His purer joy, his friend, his wife or child; Constant Constant to act the hospitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart,
Such unpriz'd blessings did his life employ,
The locial moment, the domestic joy,
A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind;
The heart-born rapture that from Virtue springs,
The poor man's portion, God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to cease,
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace;
Go traveller, wish his shade eternal rest,
Go, be the same, for this is to be bless.



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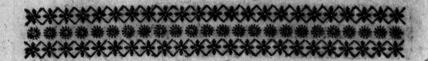
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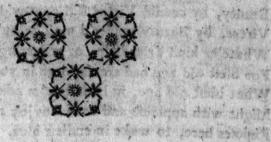


and made that to only the transfer and

Mrs. Cotoun of Luss.

Nblam'd, O sacred shrine, let me draw near. A fifter's ashes claim a brother's tear. No femblant arts this copious fpring fupply, 'Tis Nature's drops, that swell in friendship's eye; O'er this fad tomb, fee kneeling brothers bend, Who wail a fifter, that excell'd a friend; A child like this each parent's wish engage. Grace of his youth and solace of his age: Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art Who fighs fincere to bless a virtuous heart, The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice inspires. Such hope the partner of his kind delires. Oh early loft! yet early all fulfill'd Each tender office of wife, fister, child; All these in early youth, thou hadst obtain'd; The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd, Heav'n fought not that-else Heav'n had bid to spares To thine succeeds now Providence's care----Amidst

Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give
To sooth the vanity of those that live,
Receive thy destin'd place, a hallow'd grave,
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou can'st crave.
Be these the honours that imbalm thy name,
The matron's praise, woman's best silent same,
Such to remembrance dear, thy worth be sound,
When Queens, and slatterers sleep forgot around,
'Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest,
Then wake amongst the blest, for ever blest.
Mean while upon this stone, thy name shall live,
Sure heaven will let this plous verse survive.



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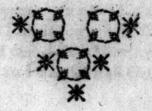
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This the marrie was executed at the second

ON

Mrs. K E I T H.

Whate'er all-giving nature cou'd impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart,
Beauty, by candid Virtue still approv'd,
Virtue, by Beauty render'd most belov'd;
Whate'er kind Friendship, or endearing Truth,
For blest old age had treasur'd up in youth;
What blest old age, in its last calm adieu,
Might with applause and conscious joy review,
Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire
To imitate the virtues all admire:
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,
If she has liv'd,—Let her not die in vain.

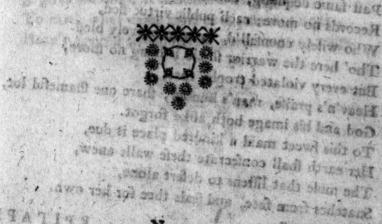




ON

Mrs. H E P Bo U R N.

STay, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:
Our forrow now—so late our joy and praise!
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.
What Virtues might have grac'd her fuller day!
But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away.
Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heav'n when it wills, resumes it gifts again.



N

EPITAPH



O N

Miss. SE TO N

Interred in the Chapel of Seton-house.

In these once hallowed walls' neglected shade,

Sacred to piety and to the dead,

Where the long line of Seton's race repose,

Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;

Tho' now a thankless age, to slavery prone,

Past fame despising, careless of its own,

Records no more; each public virtue sled,

Who wisely counsell'd, or who bravely bled.

Tho' here the warrior shield is hung no more,

But every violated trophy tore,

Heav'n's praise, man's bonour, share one shameful lot,

God and his image both alike forgot.

To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,

Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew,

The muse that listens to desert alone,

Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

HTATICE

EPITAPH.



Could this fair marble to the world impart

Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,

Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,

Like friendship cou'd it breathe the tender sigh,

With each dear rapture bid the boson glow,

Love e'er cou'd taste, or tenderness bestow,

Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,

And not to vanity, but virtue rise.

Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,

And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.

Cease then—nor at the sovereign will repine,

It gives we bless, it snatches we resign:

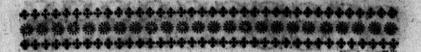
To earth what came from earth returns again,

Heav'n fram'd th' immortal part above to reign.



reading Administration were reading.

grade A commendation of the party



ERITARH

since the world of world money

Half of the work that dend a buthered a breat

Mr. Cunninghame of Chaigends,

A Son, a Wife, bad the plain marble arile;
Beneath the facred shade a good man lies.
In Britain's senate long unblam'd he sate
And anxious trembled for her doubtful sate:
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,
His country was his samily and friends.
Children! weep not, thus cruelly berest;
The sair example of his life is lest;
Another far more lasting, safe Estate
Than e'er descended from the rich and great;
Theirs fall to time or fortune soon a prey;
Or the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away:
Your blest succession never can be less,
Still as you imitate you still posses.



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ON

A SUMMER-HOUSE in my own Garden.

Hear all prounds the works of concerdings. 7 Hilft round my head the Zephirs gently play, To calm reflection I relign the day; From all the fervitudes of life releast I bid mild Friendship to the sober feast. Nor beauty banish from the hallow'd ground, She enters here to folace not to wound. All elfe excluded from the facred fpot, One half detefted, and one half forgot : All the mad human tumult, what to me? Here chafte Calliope, I live with thee.



The animal and the state of the Capacity

ole ab the earlies (killing on beath I A DIAL in my Garden.

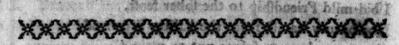
I. I describ on all held her dorling on third I Nice at a potent leader's voice it stay'd, Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd. Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore, The flying shadow shall return no more.



ON

An OBELISK in my Garden.

When all around, the works of power divine,
Enquire, explore, admire, extol, relign;
This is the whole of human kind below,
Tis only giv'n beyond the grave to know.



Inscription on a DOG.

C Alm the not mean, couragious without rage.

Serious not dull, and without thinking fage;
Pleas'd at the lot that nature has affign'd,
Snarl as I lift, and freely bark my mind,
As churchman wrangle not with jarring fpite,
Nor Statesman like caressing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastif, and no cur despite.
True from the first, and faithful to the end,
I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenor keep,
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep.
Thus stealing along life I live incog,
A very plain and downright honest Dog.

Mo.



THE WISH

TF join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale. A weak, but pious aid can aught avail, Each facred study, each diviner page That once inspir'd my youth, shall sooth my age. Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call; Honour my titles, and enough my all; No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state, Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great, Some calm and undifturb'd retreat l'Il chuse Dear to myfelf and friends. Perhaps the mufe May grant, while all my thoughts her charms imploy, If not a future fame, a prefent joy. Pure from each feverish hope, each weak defire; Thoughts that improve, and flumbers that inspire, A stedfast peace of mind, rais'd far above The guilt of hate and weaknesses of Love, ab at 10 Studious of life, yet free from auxious care, To others candid, to myfelf fevere, a mond mond Filial, submissive to the sovereign will, Januara 2000 al. Glad of the good, and patient of the ill, baseb and ? I'll work in narrow sphere, what heaven approves, Abating hatreds, and increasing loves, evotion's fair might even dare to dec.

My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own Alike to envy, and to fame unknown:
Such in some blest asylum let me ly,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wish to dy:

all a morning of white spranters of Brain Ty

SOLILOQUY.

In Imitation of HAMLET.

to a villa me to the contract of the or

Y angious foul is thre with doubtful ftrife. And hangs suspended betwixt death and life. Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate; Whether superior to the shocks of fate, To bear its fiercest ills with stedfast mind, To Nature's order piously relign'd. Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain, Return her back th' injurious gift again. O! if to die, this mortal buftle o'er, Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more: From pain, from fickness, forrows, fafe withdrawn, In night eternal that shall know no dawn; This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man, Loft in ftill nothing, whence it first began : Yes, if the grave fuch quiet could supply, Devotion's self might even dare to die.

Lest haplest victors in the mortal strife, Thro' death we struggle but to second life. But, fearful here, tho' curious to explore, Thought paules, trembling on the hither shore What scenes may rife, awake the human fear; Being again resum'd, and God more near; If awful thunders the new guest appall, Or the foft voice of gentle mercy call. This teaches life with all its ills to pleafe; Afflicting poverty, severe disease; To lowest infamy gives power to charm, And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm. Then, Hamlet, cease; thy rash resolves forego; God, Nature, Reason, all will have it so; Learn by this facred hortor, well supprest, Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast. This damps revenge with falutary fear, And stops ambition in its wild career, Till virtue for itself begin to move, And servile fear exalt to filial love. Then in thy breast let calmer passions rife, Pleas'd with thy lot on earth, absolve the skies. The ills of life see Friendship can divide; See angels warring on the good man's fide. Alone to virtue happiness is given, On earth felf-fatisfy'd, and crown'd in heaven.

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A SOLE



A

SOLILOQUY.

Wrote in JUNE MDCCXLVI.

who of all all he done the action of T

MYsterious inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy slame;
By thee my being's best exprest,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour

Of multiply'd distress,

Has any former thought the power

To make thy forrows less.

When all around thee cruel shares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death.

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign Thy pleasing vein restore, Lives beauty's gay and festive train In memory's soft store? Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art Can sercest pangs appeale, Can she to thy poor trembling heart New speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn To whisper thy repose, Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its facred might, May mitigate thy doom; As lightning shot across the night, A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to fave, May every doubt destroy; And from the horrors of the grave, New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring, Pure consolation flows; Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing, And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious Heaven, Most merciful and just, Asks but for life and safety given, Our faith and humble trust. res with black as a



About the supplied of

SERIOUS

T H O U G H T.

Thro' life's strange mystic paths, how mankind strays!

A contradiction still in all their ways;
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour;
As Heav'n all mercy was, they live secure,
Yet full of sears, and anxious doubts expire,
And in the awful judge forget the Sire.
Fair Virtue then with faithful steps pursue,
Thy good deeds many, thy offences sew;
That at the general doom thou may'st appear
With silial hope to sooth thy conscious fear;
Then to pepetual bliss expect to live,
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.





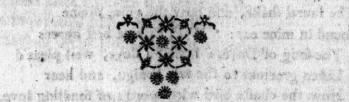
FRAGMENT.

F Doves sweet gentle birds, the heaven born Muse Prepares to fing, their manners and what law, The blameless race obey, their cares and loves. O facred VIRGIN, that, to me unseen Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear Love dited fong or tale of martial Knight, As best becomes the time: and aidful grants Celestial grace implor'd, O, bounteous, say What fav'rite maid in her first bloom of youth Wilt chuse to honour? seem I not to see The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine Sound in mine ear: With Erskine best agrees

- The fong of Doves: herfelf a dove, well pleas'd
- Listen gracious to the tale benign, and hear
- How the chafte bird with word's of fondling love.
- e Soft billing, woo's his maid, their spoulal loves,
- Pure and unstain'd with jealous fear of change;
- ! How studious they to build their little nests
- Nature's artificers! and tender, breed

Their

. Their unfiedg'd children, till they wing their flight. Each parent's care.' Come, as the Muse ordains. O thou of every grace, whose looks of love, Erskine, attractive, draw all wond'ring eyes Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech Drops as the honey comb, and grace is pour'd Into thy lips: for ever thee attends Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes As with the morning's robe invested round: O come, again invok'd, and smiling lend Thy pleas'd attention, whilst in figur'd filk Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower As in its native bed : so may'st thou find Delight perpetual and th' inclining car Of heav'n propitious to thy maiden vow, When thou shalt seek from Love a youth adorn'd With all perfection, worthy of thy choice, To bless thy night of joy and social care. O happy he, for whom the yow is made.



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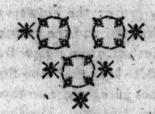
FLOWERS.

A FRAGMENT.

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HE care of gardens, and the gardens pride To rear the blooming Flowers, invites the Muse: A grateful talk! To thee, O Hume, the fings Well pleas'd amid the perdant walks to fray With thee, her chief delight, when summer smiles. Come now my Love, per fear the winter's rage; For fee the winter's post, the rains are gone. Behold the finging of the birds is now, Season benign, the joyous race prepare Their native melody, and warbling airs Are heard in ev'ry grove: the Flowers appear Earth's smiling offspring, and the beauteous meads Are cloath'd in pleasant green; now fruitful trees Put forth their tender buds that foon shall swell With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake a while The noise of cities, and with me retire To rural solitude: Lo! for thy head I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers, Violet, and hyacinth, and blufhing role

Of ev'ry rich perfume; here in this calm And undifturb'd retreat content to dwell Secluded from mankind, with thee and Love Sweetner of human cares: But thou perhaps Delight'ft to hear the voice that bids thee come To festival and dance, thou long'st to meet The raptur'd youth, that at affembly hour Awaits thy coming: haste adorn'd in all Thy native foftness, fresh as breathing flowers! Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire His foul, ill able to relift fuch charms. Won with attractive smiles: while I far off Bemoan thy absence, and thy image form In ev'ry thicket and each fecret grove, To footh my longing mind by Fancy's aid, Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself, O fairest among women, deign to grace The bower that Love prepares, from me to learn The care and culture of the flowery kind.



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THE

EPISODE

OF THE

THISTLE

FLOWERS BOOK T.

OR to the garden fole where Fair refides As in her court the scarlet Queen, amid Her train of flow'ry Nymphs, does Nature boon Indulge her gifts: but to each nameles field, When the warm fun rejoicing in the year Stirs up the latent juice, the scatters wide Her rofy children: then innumerous births. As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume Their cradles with ambrofial fweets around. Far as the eye can reach all nature smiles. Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream Leads, thro the level-down, his filver maze, Gliding, with even pace, direct, as one : On journey bent, and now meand'ring fair, Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd, His pastime, underneath the azure-green The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,

Sole or in confort, the aerial kind Refound in air with fong: the wild thyme here . Breathes fragrance, and a thouland glittering flowers Art never fow'd. Even here the rifing weed The landscape paints the lion's yellow tooth, Th' enamell'd daify, with its rose adorn'd The prickly brian, and the Thiftle rude, An armed Warrior, with his hoft of spears. Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride. Emblem of modelt valour, unprovokt That harmeth not, provok'd that will not bear Wrong unreveng'd; what the' the humble root Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field Arose unheeded thro' the stubborn soil Jejune: tho' fofter flowers, disdainful, fly Thy fellowship, nor in the nose-gay join, Ill match'd compeers; not less the dews of Heav'n Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike mail, Gift of indulgent fkies! tho' lily pure And role of fragrant leaf, belt represent Maria's fnowy breast and ruddy cheek Blushing with bloom: tho' Ormond's laurel rear Sublimer branch, indulging loftier shade To heaven instructed bard, that strings beneath, Melodious, his founding wire, to tales Of beauties praise, or from victorious camps Heroes returning fierce. Unenvyed may The fnowy lily flourish round the brow Of Gallia's king: the Thiftle bappier far Exalted into nobler fame, shall rife

thought been being bereit.

Triumphant

Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards
Subject of lasting long, their Monarch's choice;
Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refus'd
Each other plant, and bade the Thistle wave,
Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd
Along the mural breach: 'how oft, beneath
Its martial influence, has Scotia's sons
Thro' every age with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! while o'er their breast,
Companion to the Silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems, emblaz'd, and stame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride.

But wouldst thou know how first th' illustrious Plant Rose to renown: hear the recording Muse, While back thro' ages that have roll'd she leads Th' enquiring eye, and wakens into life Heroes and mighty kings whose god-like deeds Are now no more, yet still the same survives, Victor o'er time, the triumph of the Muse.

As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,
For hoary Sires with gifts of wisdom grac'd,
Unrival'd maids in beauties bloom, desire
Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs
For courage fam'd and blest with sacred song,
Flourish'd, sublime, the Pictish throne; and shar'd,
Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.
Equals in sway, while both alike aspired

To fingle rule, disdaining to obey: Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain, Wide-wasting others realms with inroads fierce Until the Second Kenneth, great in arms, Brandish'd th' avenging sword, that low in dust. Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war Weary, and havock dire, in mutual blood Embru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears By jealous love of Empire bred, again, With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war, Rekindling fierce: thus when Achaius reign'd, By the disposing will of gracious Heav'n Ordain'd the Prince of Peace. Fair Ethelind Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth, Of beauties bloom, in his young heart, inspir'd Spoulal-delires, foft love, and dove-ey'd peace. Her dowry. Then, his hymeneal torch, Concord, high brandish'd; and in bonds of love, Link'd the contending race. But ah! how vain Hopes mortal man, his joys on earth to last Perpetual and fincere: for Athelstane, Fierce from the conquest of great Alured, Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore Full twenty thousand brasen spears, he fixt, Shining a deathful view; difmay'd the brave Erst undismay'd: even he, their warlike chief, Hungus, in arms, a great and mighty name, Felt his fierce heart, supended, if to meet

Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks Of battle difarray'd. Suppliant of help; He fues the Scottish race, by friendly ties Adjur'd and nuptial rites and equal fears. Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train Forfake their native walls. The glad acclaim Of thouting crowds, and the foft virgins with Pursue the parting chiefs to battle fent, With omens not averse. Darkness arose O'er heav'n and earth, as now but narrow space Sundered each hostile force: fole in his tent The youthful chief the hope of Albion, lay Slumb'ring fecure, when in the hour of fleep A venerable form, St. Andrew, feen Majestic, solemn, grand, before his fight In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd To doubtful counsels, from his temples flow'd His hair, white as the flowy fleece that clothes The Alpine ridge, a-cross his shoulders hung A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought Th' events of years to come prophetic drawn, Seasons and times: in his right hand he held A cross, far beaming thro' the night; his left A pointed Thiftle rear'd. Fear not he cry'd Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee Commission'd I, from heav'n's eternal King, Ætherial messenger of tidings glad, Propitious now am fent. Then be thou bold, To morrow shall deliver to thy hand

The troops of Athelitane. But oh ! attend, Instructed from the skies, the terms of Fate, Conditional, affign'd; for if mifled By facred luft of arbitrary fway, Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage Injurious war, unrighteous to invade His neighbour's realms, who dares the guilty deed. Him Heaven shall desert in needful hour Of fad diffress, deliver'd o'er a prev To all the nations round. This plant I bear. Expressive emblem of thy equal deed. This, inoffenfive in its native field, Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows; Yet who with hostile hands its brilly spears Unpunish'd may provoke? and such be thou Unprompt t'invade, and active to defend; Wife fortitude! but when the morning flames, Secure, in heav'n, against you fated host Go up and overcome. When home return'd With triumph crown'd, grateful to me shalt rear A riling temple on the deftin'd space. With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd. A house where God shall dwell. The vision spoke, And mix'd with night, when starting from his couch The youth from flumber wak'd. The mingled cries Of horse, and horsemen furious for the day. Affail his ears. And now both armies clos'd Aloud the welkin roars, Tempestuous fight. Resounding wide, and groams of death are heard Superior o'er the din. The rival Chiefs

Each adverse battle gor'd. Here Athelftane, Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony fhield With Saxon trophies charg'd and deeds of blood, Horrid atchievement! nor les furious there Hungus enflam'd with desp'rate rage, and keen Defire of victory : and near him join'd, With focial valour, by the vision fir'd. The hopes of Caledon, the Scottish oak Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood Return'd not back unstain'd. Thus when the feeds Of fire and nitrous foume and grain aduft. Sulphureous, diftend Earth's hollow womb. Sicilian Ætna labours to disgorge Dreadful eruption, from the finoking top Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore. A threefold current to the wasted plain. Each ravaging a fep'rate way: fo fought Desp'rate the Chiefs; nine hours in equal scale The battle hung, the tenth the Angel rear'd The tutelary cross, then difarray Fell on the Saxon hoft. Thus when of old Th' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim. Against the chosen race of Judah, set The battle in array, and various chance Alternate rul'd, when as the fun went down. Aaron and Hur upftaid the failing hands Of Moles, to fustain the potent rod, Till Ifrael overthrew: thus fore that day The battle went against the numerous hosts Of Athelstane, impure; the daring Chief,

Far from the flaughter born, a swelling stream
By sudden rains high surging o'er its banks,
Impervious to his slight, for ever sunk,
Number'd amongst the dead. Then rout on rout;
Confusion on consusion, wild dismay,
And slaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands
E're while so proud array'd. Amaz'd they sled
Before the Scottish sword; for from the sword,
From the drawn sword, they sled, the bended bow;
The victor's shout, and honour of the war.

The royal youth, thus victor of his vows, Leads to his native land with conquest crown'd, His warring powers; ner of the heavenly dream Unmindful, bade the promis'd towers aspire With solemn rites made facred to the name Then to inspire Of him in vision seen. Love of heroic worth, and kindle feeds Of virtuous emulation in the foul Rip'ning to deed, he crown'd his manly breaft With a refulgent Star, and in the star Amidst the rubies blaze, distinguish'd shines The fainted Crofs, around whose golden verge The embroider'd Thiftle, bleft inclosure! winds A warlike foliage of ported spears Desenceful: last; partakers of his fame, He adds a chosen train of gallant youths, Illustrious fellowship! above their Peers Exalted eminent: the shining band, Devote to fame, along the crowded streets Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane onesialità de

With holy festival and ritual pomp Install'd; of folemn prayer, and offer'd vows Inviolate, and lacred, to preferve The ordinance of heav'n, and great decree Voice of the filent night: * O ill foreleen. O judgments ill forewarn'd and fure denounc'd Of future woes and cov'nants broke in blood, That children's children wept : how didft thou grieve, O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd The cheek of hoary age, when, as the Fates, Transgress'd the high command, severely will'd, The hapless youth, as the fierce lion's whelp, Fell in the fatal fnare? that facred head Where late the Graces dwelt; and wildom mild Subdued attention, gastly, pale, deform'd, Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands Fixt on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds, Mean triumph, born: then first the radiant Cross Submitted in the dust, dishonour foul, Her holy fplendors; first, the Thistle's spears Broke by a hoftile hand, the Silver-star Felt dim eclipse, and mourn'd in dark sojourn, A tedious length of years, till he, the lifth Triumphant James, of STUART's ancient Line, Restor'd the former grace, and bade it shine, With added gifts adorn'd. To chosen twelve, Invested

* This refers to the story of King Alpin sain by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, book 5th.

Invested with the ornaments of fame, Their fovereign's love, he bounteous, gave to wear, Across their shoulders flung, the radiant brede Of evening blue, of fimple faith unstain'd Mysterious sign and loyalty sincere. Approven Chiefs! how many fons, enroll'd In the fair deathless lift, has Scotia feen. Or terrible in war for bold exploit? Best Champions! or in the mild arts of peace Lawgivers wife, and of endanger'd rights Firm guardians in evil times, to death Afferting Virtue's cause, and Virtue's train? Blest patronage! nor these, with envy, view Th' embroider'd Garter to furround the knee Of military chiefs of Brutus blood; With equal honours grac'd, while monarchs bear The confecrated Cross, and happy Plant Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more Th' anointing oil of heav'n. In Britain's shield ! The Northern Star mingles with George's beams, Conforted light, and near Hibernia's harp. Breathing the sp'rit of peace and social love. Harmonious power, the Scottish Thistle fills Distinguish'd place, and guards the English Rose.



SPEECH

OF

RANDOLPH

A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, Book II.

Emand'st thou, mighty Bruce, to know from whence My lineage I derive; then hear a tale Well known thro' fair Stirlina's fruitful bounds. My native land; of ancient Scottish Kings, Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce, am I Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boaft, From the same fount my blood united flows, Ally'd to thine. - As yet Cameldoun's walls. By Forth, delightful stream! encircled stood The feat of Edenuther, Pictish King; To whose destruction, eager to revenge The breach of faith and hospitable laws Infulted -his embattled hoft Fierce Corbred led: for from Dunstaffnage towers, Pretending love, and Hymeneal rite, The treacherous Pict with meditated force, Bore

Bore Ethelind, her country's justest pride Peerless and fair; a thouland heroes fought For her to death, fierce raging round the walls Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince Had dearly paid the price of faith forfworn, But studious of new frauds within his walls H' invites the Scottish train, friendly to meet In amicable talk, fair Ethelind To be the pledge of future peace, and join The warring nations, in eternal league Of love connubial: the unweeting King Enter'd the hostile gates; with feast and song The towers refound, till the dark midnight hour Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell With all his Peers, in early life, and left His vowed revenge, and fifter unredeem'd.

Now was the royal virgin left expos'd

To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid,

Her brother slain, and sierce and mighty Chiefs

That warr'd in her desence: how could, alas!

Unshelter'd helpless innocence resist

Th' infernal ravisher? with stedfast mind

She scorn'd his profer'd love; by Virtue's aid

Triumphant o'er his lust. In vain with tears

And rough complaint that spoke a savage heart,

Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:

In vain, enrag'd and ruthless in his love,

He threatned. Death disdain'd, force was the last,

But that her arm oppos'd, resolv'd to strike

The poignard in her breast, her virtues guard.

All arts thus try'd in vain, at last incent'd
Deep in a dungeon, from the chearful light
Far, far, remov'd the wretched maid he threw
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear
To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights,
Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike these hours
That in her father's palace wont to pass
In sestival and dance. Her piteous shrieks
Mov'd her stern keeper's heart, secret he frees
The imprison'd maid; and to the king relates
Her death, dissembling. Then with fell despite
And rage, instam'd for unenjoyed love,
The Monarch storm'd, he loath'd his food, and sled
All human converse, frustrate of his will.

Mean while the nymph forsakes the hostile walls
Flying by night; thro' pathless wilds unknown
Guideless she wanders, in her frighted ears
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views
His form terrific, and his dreaded front
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd
With every fear, and oft desires to die.
Now day return'd and chearful light began
T' adorn the heav ns, lost in the hills she knew
No certain path; around the dreary waste
Sending her weeping eye, in vain requir'd
Her native fields, Dunstaffnage' well known tow'rs,
And high Edesta's walls, her father's reign.

Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat Intenfely fervent, and three lonfome nights Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak

Supply'd

Supply'd her food, and at the running fream, Patient, she flack'd her thirst. But when the fourth Arole; descending from the Ochell height, The flow'ry fields beneath, the wander'd long Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn. · Jerne's stream she pass'd, a rising hill Stood on the bank oppos'd, adorn'd with trees, A filvan scene! thither she bent her flight, O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down In the imbow'ring shade: the dew of sleep Fell on her weary eyes, then pleasing dreams Began to lay the tempest in her mind; Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp She feems restor'd, her brother's fate reveng'd. The tyrant flain ; she dream'd till morn arose, The fifth that role, fince from Cameldoun's walls She bent her flight; the chearful day invites, From fair Dundalgan's ever funny towers, Mildred t'arise, who oft in fields of death Victorious, led the Picts embattled race, Illustrious Chief! he to the hilly height, His morning walk, pleas'd with the feafon fair, Betakes him muling, there it was he faw Fair Ethelind, surpriz'd as Hengist's son Elfred afleep beheld, when as she fled From Saxony, to fhun a ftep-dame's rage That fought her life, he with prevailing words Woo'd the confenting maid: nor less amaz'd The pictish leader faw the beauteous form. Fixt in surprise and ardent gaze, he stood

Wond'ring !

Wond'ring! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd He led her blushing from the facred grove In bashful modesty, and doubting joy Chastis'd with fear, alternate in her bresst, Poor lovely mourner! to his parents flow'd The beauteous stranger; they in age rever'd Lift up their trembling hands, and bleft the maid. Best workmanship of heaven! the youthful Chief Transported every day his guest beheld, And every day beheld with new delight, Her winning graces mild, and form divine, That drew with foft attraction, kindling love, Enflam'd his foul : still new delays he frames To gain a longer stay, e'er he restore The beauteous exile to her native land. His promis'd faith. The story of her woes, He o'er and o'er demands; The pleas'd relates Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed He fought the virgin's love; by prayers and vows Won to confent; the nuptial day arose, Awak'd by musick's found; the Pow'rs invok'd To blis the hallow'd rite, and happy night That to his arms bestow'd the much lov'd maid, The gift of Heaven: then gladness fill'd his hear? Unspeakable, as when the sapient King, The fon of David, on the happy day Of his espousals, when his mother bound

His brow in regal gold, delighted faw

His fair Egyptian bride adorn'd with all

Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.

While thus the royal exile liv'd remote. In Hymen's foftest joys, the Scottish Chiefs Prepare for battle, studious to redeem Their captive Queen, unknowing of her fate ! With just tuccess unbles'd, discomfited They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men Unworthy bondage! helpless exiles fold To foreign lands. The Pictifh King enrag'd Collects an hoft, embattled as the fands Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds Of his wide Empire, Brica's rifing towers, And Jeda's antient walls, once feat of Kings. With Eden rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun. Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war. Pour'd thro' their lofty gates. What anguish then O royal virgin, vex'd thy tender heart, When thou, thy hulband midst your country's foes. Enroll'dft their leader? much did'ft thou adjure By nuptial ties, much by endearing love, and disposit that To spare thy country in the waste of war; He too, the youthful Chief, long doubting flood 'Twixt love and duty, unrefolv'd of choice, Hard conflict! to Dunstaffnage walls he flies. And left the weeping Fair, intent to drown The voice of love, foft pleading in his heart, In founds of battle; but in vain! his wife, A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts

In supplicating tears; he grieves to see

The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find

Amid'st the slain, his kindred new ally'd.

But now the Pictish King with mighty Chiefs a land Selected from his Peers, purfues his way To raze the Scottish walls, Dundalgan's towers Receive their Monarch, proud to entertain The mighty guest e exults the haughty King With favage joy, when first his eyes beheld The maid fo lately loft, again reftor'd Sad victim to his luft: what could fhe do, Hopeless of aid? or how alas! avert The dire event that from the Monarch's luft Her fears presag'd? 'twas heav'n her thoughts inspir'd In hour of fad extreme, the flies the dome With two, alone of all her menial train, Companions of her flight. The King mean while, Fierce with defire and violent to enjoy, Him nor the bowl delights, nor fprightly mirth, Nor tale of martial Knight in aptient time Recited: the unfinish'd feast he leaves With wine enflam'd and ill perfwading luft, Worst counsellors! a secret way he found That to the Queen's apartment led unfeen; Thither he flies through many a lofty hall, Where heroes oft have met in wife confult, and and and Elate in thought; but Heavens I what fell despite. What raging pain tore his diffracted mind, When first he knew the royal fair was fled? Desp'rate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,

R

Intent

Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp He fought the General's tent, begirt around With noble Picts there weeping Ethelind, all the In foft'ned anguish, on the heroe's breast He found reclining, fad: he would have feiz'd The trembling fair one from her lover's arms, Her furest refuge, miserably torn, Victim to luft obscepe, had not the youth Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway. Haughty, the Monarch rag'd and call'd his chiefs To aid, his chiefs refuse th' unjust command: Then impotent of mind he storm'd, he ravid, Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar, Tumult, and martial din, founds o'er the camp, While these assist the King, and these the youth, By fearless friendship led: the clash of swords, Through the still night, heard on the Scottish walls, Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met: The boldest of their warrior train they chuse For secret ambush, sheath'd in jointed mail; Th' intrepid band beneath a bending hill, Await the rifing dawn; Mildred they feiz'd, The royal exile and their focial traip, Flying the Monarch's rage: the beauteous Queen Rejoices to behold her native walls, Exil'd fo long her Peers with lifted hands Extoll'd the bounteous Pow'rs, their Queen return'd, The wondrous work of Fate; now the relates Her direful tale, the audience melt in tears. Mean while the Monarch raging in the camp,

Forlook

Forlook of all his Peers, for herce affault
Prepar'd, attended with a desperate crew
Of men, that shar'd in partnership of crimes,
March'd forward to his fate; the ambush'd train
Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd foe.
Himself, as surious in the front he warr'd
Bled by a well aim'd spear; to punish'd ghosts
Of Kings persidious, sled his guilty soul.

The Moharch flain, the Pictifh Chiefs that late - 114 Forfook the noify camp, conveen within The Scottish walls, the Princes joyful plight In leagues of mutual peace; in every fane Each grateful altar blaz'd; to heaven they paid Their vows, their Queen reftor'd, and with her, peace The purchase of her love: through all the town Publick rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth Was heard in ev'ry fireet, that blazing fhone Illuminated bright. The diadem Instar'd with diamond gems and flaming gold, Magnificent! by Scotia's Monarch's worn From eldest times, upon her beauteous brow Plac'd by a mitred prieft, in rich array, Incircling, thines; her native peers around, Mix'd with the Pictifh Chiefs, admiring stand, Pleas'd with her heavenly imiles, her gentle look, The type of fofter role: then next they gave The sceptre to her hands; the precious stones Blaz'd on the beaming point, hail! Queen of Scots! Joyful they cry, hail! to thy own return'd, and harman Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes,

Crown'd

Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd: thus past the night In celebrated rites; when morn arose.

Th' assembl'd senate, partner of her throne.

Elect the noble youth, in times of peace.

To aid by counsel, and in war to lead.

Her marshall'd chiefs; thus ended all her woes.

Bles'd in her husband's, and her subjects love, Peace flourish'd in her reign: three sons the bore All men of valour known; well could they bend The bow in time of need. Her eldest grac'd With all the train of virtues that adorn A Prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule His mother's kingdom; in his happy days The Scottish prowess twice o'er hrew the Dane In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore Repulft with ignominious rout, difgraced. Her fecond hope born to unluckier fate Matchless in fight and every gallant deed, The terror of his foes, his country's hope In ruthless battle by ignoble hands and the immediately Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept, For ever honour'd. Athingart the last For prudence far renown'd, Elgidra's charms The heroe fir'd, as in her father's court A peaceful legate by his brother fent To Pictland's Monarch; there the royal youth Graceful, in warlike tournament above His equals shone, and won the princely maid Courted by rival kings: from that embrace Descend a thousand Chiefs, that lineal heir'd

The virtues of their Sire, witness the fields Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran With stain of Danish blood: the brazen spears And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils Of chiefs in battle flain, bung on the roof, Eternal trophies of their martial deeds, From fon to fon preserv'd with jealous care. My father in his country's quarrel met A glorious fate, when god-like Wallace fought; He, firm adherer to the nobler cause, Shar'd all his toils, and bled in all his fights, Till Falkirk faw him fall; with Grahame he fell, Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms, Wallace alone surpast. With martial thoughts He fir'd my youthful mind, and taught betimes To build my glory on my country's love, His great example! to thy native reign If thee, thy fate propitious to the good. Restor'd, h' enjoin'd me to unite my force, From foreign victors to retrieve again Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave In dangers ever faithful to his arm, Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe Exult, I ween, to find the dastard fon Degen'rate from his Sire, to weild in vain A father's gift. In me, O Bruce, behold A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream I lead my native bands, hardy and bold. In fight distinguish'd by superior deed.

He said and ceas'd; the arm'd assembly stood
Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat
Great Bruce arose—O noble youth I he cry'd,
Descended from a line of noble Sires,
Accept thy Monarch's thanks—Welcome thyself,
Welcome thy sequent Chiefs, thy country fore
Oppres'd by dire usurpers, now demands
Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed reign
In consist stern; do thou approve thy might
Above thy sellows, by transcendent acts
To Fame endeat'd; She, on thy praise well pleas'd
Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high
The lostiest branch, t' adorn thy antient stem.
He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand

He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand
Pledge of benevolence and kind intent:
The Chiefs around embrace and glad receive
The youthful champion worthy of his race.



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HORACE

BOOK I. ODE V.

IMITATED.

7Hat happy youth MARIA now Breathes in thy willing ear his vony? With whom theu fpend'ft thy evening hours, Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers; For whom retir'd to secret shade. Contract Appropriate E Soft on thy panting bosom laid. Thou fet'st thy looks with nicest care, And bind'ft in gold thy flowing hair. O neatly plain! How oft shall be and an an an and Bewail thy false inconstancy? Dood d other in Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove. How often weep thy alter'd love? Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find. As now still golden and still kind: Sweet appear - ! And heedless now of fortune's power woled mice RA Toyons I made be Sets far away the evil hour. How oft shalt thou, ill-star'd, bewail Reedless of what Thou trusted to the faithless gale? Don to whom told When unaccustom'd to furvey and or hand straybe off The rifing winds and fwelling fea;

When

When clouds shall rife on that dear face,
That shone adorn'd in every grace;
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
Was won't to appear to thee in smiles.
Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untry'd
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
For me once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O Happy youth, who now possest
Of my Maria's smiles are blest;
Think not thy joys will constant prove;
How many changes are in love!
I once was happy too like thee,
That sun of beauty shone on me:
In darkness ever to deplore,
The sun is set to shine no more;
Doom'd near to view the rising light,
But weep out love's eternal night.

When first I spread the lover's sail,

Love blew from shore a friendly gale;

Sweet appear'd th' inchanting scene,

All calm below, above serene:

Joyous I made before the wind,

Heedless of what I jest behind;

Nor rocks, nor quicksands did I dread,

No adverse winds to check my speed;

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No savage pirate did I fear To ravilh all my foul held dear, Far off my treasure to convey, And fell in foreign lands away : Maria's hand unfurl'd the fails, Her prayers invok'd the springing gales: Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd, Her voice the raging storm obey'd; And o'er the bosom of the tides, Her will the roling rudder guides. But ah! the change, she flies away, And will vouchfafe no longer flay. See now the swelling seas arise Loud storming winds enrage the skies. All weak she tempest to withstand, Trembling and pale I put to land. Wet from the tolling forge, aghaft I thank the gods, the danger's past; And fivear to venture out no more no venture Secure upon the fafer flore; Today and Sind? Yet should the swelling seas subside, and T. And roll ferene a filver tide; I pribate sort? Should yet the angry tempest cease and allow And gently breathe a gale of peace; Much, much I fear, I'd dare again A second shipwreck on the main. And I din town her fired me s shows.

Nor one delight those vivan itenessative of



HORACE

BOOK I. ODE VII.

MITATEDATIM

To the EARL of STAIR.

See now the feeding sear wille ET others in exalted lays the toroli broad The lofty dome of Hopetoun praife, Or where of old, in lonely cell, The muting Druid wont to dwell : would to W Or with the facred fifters roam, and shads I Near holy Melrole' ruin'd dome: 189 vi bal There are who paint with all their might of The fields where Fortha's streams delight; That winding through Stirlina's plain, ha A Rolls beauteous to the distant main a blood? Or faithful to the farmers toil, id vitting bak Extol fair Lothian's fertile foil; down ,double Where Ceres her best gifts bestows, briogel And Edin town ber structures shows. Nor me delight those sylvan scenes, Those chequer'd bow'rs and winding greens; Where art and nature join to yield Unnumbred sweets to Marlefield:

Where fair Aboyn afleep is laid;
Where gay in sprightly dance no more.
She dreams her former triumphs o'er.
These scenes can best entice my foul,
Where smooth Blancatria's waters roll;
Where beauteous Hume in smiling hour,
Plucks the green herb or rising flow'r;
Pleas'd on the borders to behold
The apple redden into gold.

But whate'er place thy presence boast, Let not, O S-1 an hour be loft. When the rough North and angry from, Nature's lovely looks deform a the world will The fouth reftores the wonted grace, And wipes the clouds from heaven's face. So thou to finish all thy care, The flask of brisk Champaign prepare: Invite thy friends, with wife delign, And wash the ills of life with wine : Whether beneath the open fky, Stretch'd in the tented couch to lye Thy fate ordains; to thine again Great on some future Blenheim's plain; Higher to raise thy deathless name Triumphant to sublimer fame : Or if secure from feverish heat. Newliston cover thy retreat. Where wit conspires with love's delights, To grace thy days and bless thy nights.

When

When Fergus led, in days of yore, His exil'd bands to Scotia's shore; The godlike founder of our state, Suftain'd the flocks of adverse fate; was back Yet brave, disdaining to repine, Around his brows he bound the vine: Let's follow ftill without delay Wherever fortune flows the way: Courage, my lads, let none despair, When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear; With better auspice shall arise Our empire in the northern fkies : Outon bol Beauty and valour shall adorn, and add no IVA Our happy offspring yet unborn Now fill the glass, come fill again, To-morrow we shall cross the main. they who has stated or secret



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HORACE

BOOK I. ODE XI.

IMITATED.

Te Miss ERSK____

Plant E fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the fearch, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes?
Far happier they, who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates assign;
Then be advis'd, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.

In mirth thy present years employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's frith.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth and wit and gay delight;
Nor thou refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly halls.

Alabeeding of me way !

For Time rides ever on the post,

Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost.

Then call each joy in to this day,

And spend them now while now you may;

Have every pleasure at command,

Fools let them lye in Fortune's hand.

HORACE

BOOK L ODE XXII.

THE man fincere and pure of ill,

Needs not with shafts his quiver all,

Nor point the venom'd dart,

O'er him no weapon can prevail,

Clad in the firmest coat of mail,

A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes

Through boiling Friths and highland faces;

Or if his courie he guide,

To where far-fam'd Lochleven's wave

Does round his Islands winding, lave

Buchanan's hilly fide.

For in Glentannar, as I flood

And fung my Erskine to the wood,

Unheeding of my way;

My every care for look behind, While all on Erskine ran my mind, It chanc'd my steps to stray.

When, lo! forth rulhing from behind
A favage wolf of monitrous kind,
Fierce shook his horrid head:
Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear,
Beheld the monstrous lavage near,
And me unarm'd, he sted.

A beast of such portentous size,
Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,
Fierce Daunia never bred.
Nor Juba's land, without controut,
Where angry lions darkling houl,
His equal ever fed.

Place me where the summer breeze,

Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,

All on the gloomy plain,

Which side of earth, offended heav'n

To the dominion foul has given,

Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,

Near neighbour to the burning ray;

Yet there the maid shall move,

There present to my fancy's eyes,

Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,

Sweet speaking Erskine love.

HORACE



HORACE

BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

MITATED

To Miss D'munu om baA

TELL me, Maria, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run;
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And every fost endearment shun.

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy slight, why shouldst thou sly?
What canst thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lion I,
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then dear wildness, cease to toy;
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy;
Leave Mamma's arms and come to mine.

the Locker of the water

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HORACE

HORACE

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

IMITATED.

To a Young LADY on the DEATH of her FATHER.

The same of the state of the state of the state of the same

What bounds be fet to such a woe,
That weeps the loss of one so dear!
Come, Muse of mourning! haste, ordain
The sacred melancholy strain:
When virtue bids, 'tis' impious to forbear.

blight hoself payable cond and the

Thy voice, with powerful bleffings fraught,
Inspires the solemn serious thought;
A heav'nly forrow's healing art,
That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.
A far more pleasing rapture thine,
When bending over friendship's shrine,
Than Mirth's fantastic varied lay,
Deceitful, idle, slutt'ring, vain,
Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,
Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.

HI.

In dust the good and friendly lies.

Must endless slumber seal those eyes?

Oh! when shall modest Worth again,
Integrity, that knows no stain,
Thy sister, Justice, free from blame,
Kind Truth, no sale affected name,
To meet in social union, find
So plain, so upright and so chaste a mind?

IV.

By many good bewail'd, He's lost;
By thee, O beauteous virgin! most.
Thou claim'st, ah pious! ah, in vain!
Thy father from the grave again.
Not on those terms, by dooming heav'n,
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.
The equal lot is cast on all,
Obedient to the universal call.
Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,
Wife, sister, mother, friend and child,
Must yield to the supreme decree,
And every social virtue weep for thee.

V. ris geilesit siworrol, vin vent A

What the thou boalts each foul subduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
The thine be every potent charm,
The rage of envy to difarm:
Thus far heav'n grants, the great reward
Of beauty, under virtue's guard:

Yet all in vain ascends thy pious pray'r,
To bid the impartial Pow'r one moment spare;
That Pow'r who chastens whom he dearest loves,
Deaf to the silial forrows he approves;
Seal'd sacred by th' inviolable fates;
Unlocks no more the adamantine gates,
When once th' Etherial Breath has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

VI.

Bevere indeed! yet cease the duteous tear;
'Tis nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."
See, see descending to thy aid,
Patience, fair celestial maid;
She strikes thro' life's dark gloom a bright'ning ray,
And smiles Adversity away.
White-handed Hope advances in her train,
Leads to new life; and wakens joy again;
She renders light the weight of human wees,
And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime t' oppose.



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The jor of vine, and hims ready.
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HORACE

BOOK I. ODE XXXII.

IMITATED.

To his LYRE.

If e'er with thee, we fool'd away
Vacant beneath the shade a day;
Still kind to our desire,
A Scottish song we now implore,
To live this year, and some few more;
Come then my Scottish Lyre.

First strung by STEWART's cunning hand,
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,
A long and wide domain:
Who bold in war, yet whether he,
Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and Muses young,
Soft Beauty, and her page he sung,
That still to her adheres:
MARGARET, author of his sighs,
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
And comely coal-black hairs,

O Thou

am make

O Thou the grace of fong and love,

Exalted to the feafts above,

The feaft's supreme delight:

Sweet balm to heal our cares below;

Gracious on me thy aid bestow,

If thee I seek aright.



HÕRAĆE BOOK L ODE XXXIII.

IMITATED.

To a GENTLEMAN in LOVE.

Why still in melancholy verse
Unmeek Maria's hate rehears?
That Thirsis finds by fate's decree
More favour in her sight than thee?
The love of Cyrus does enthral
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So seemeth good to Love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds,

Cruel

Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleas'd with too fevere a Joke.
My felf, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundress held in pleasing chain;
When pliable to love's delights
My age excus'd the poet's slights:
More wrathful she, than storms that rore
Along the Solway's crooked Shore.



HORACE

BOOK IL ODE IV.

IMITATED.

To the E ... M. of S ...d.

e distributed the built of

Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori.

I.

A Vow my noble friend thy kind desires,
If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,
Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;
What the unknown her humble name,
Unchronicled in records old,
Or tale by flatt'ring poets told;
She to her beauties owes her noblest fame,
Her noblest honours to thy love.

Bener For

- And appeals - Maker beapars and we have at Know

But posing a for the mythic parties

Know Cupid scorns the trophy'd shield. Vain triumph of fome guilty field, 120 12 12 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 Where dragons hils and lions foar, M. redaing ared W Blazon'd with argent and with or, and basw now His heraldry is hearts for hearts, here and hered are I He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his dares to be A For what noor house are

Love's riched led Smote by a simple village maid, I wrotely good from the See noble Petrarch night and day Pour his foft forrows thro the shade in the real A Nor could the muse his pains aflay: and un year love! What the with hands Pontific crown'd and the drive With all the scarlet senate round; He faw his brows adorn the living Ray, but allegololide mi Tho' fighing virgins try'd each winning art, To cure their gentle Poet's love fick heart an aldinaful Cupid more pow'rful than them all, non add fibimA Resolv'd his tuneful captive to enthral, as enough the W Subdued him with a thepherdels's look : wood agral aid al He wreaths his verdant honours round her crook. And taught Vall Clufa's finiling groves, Va award told To wear the fable liveries of his loves.

But this Example scarce can move thy mind, The gentle power with verle was ever join'd: Then hear, my Lord, a dreadful tale, Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale, Nor in the Academic grove, Where mild philosophy might dwell with love;

But poring o'er the mystic page, Of old Stagira's wond'rous fage, In the dark cave of fyllogific doubt, . Vain triumbly . Where neither Muse, nor beauty's Queen, Nor wandring Grace was ever feen. drive b'moselli Love found his destin'd victim out, A metaleroli all f Aud put the rude militia all to rout: For whilst poor Abelard, ah! foon decreed Love's richest facrifice to bleed. is not a tombe Unweiting drew the argumental thread, A finer net the fon of Venus spread: Pour his lost form Involving in his ample category, With all his musty schoolmen round, Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd With all the In philosophic and in amorous story.

Inflexible and stern the Czar,

Amidst the iron sons of war,

With dangers and distress encompast round,

In his large bosom deep receiv'd the wound.

No Venus she, surrounded by the Loves,

Nor drawn by cooing harnest doves;

'Twas the caprice love to yoke,
Two daring fouls, unharnest and unbroke.

tell.

When now the many-laurel'd Swede,
The field of death his nobleft triumph fled,
And forc'd by fate, but unfubdu'd of foul,
To the fell victor left the—conquest of the pole.

Nor in the it admits grove,

All mattre's charmed all heat IV. pride,

Henry, a Monarch to thy heart,
In action brave, in council wife,
Felt in his breast the fatal dart,
Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely eyes;
Tho' Gallia wept, tho' Sully frown'd,
Tho' rag'd the impious League around,
The little Urchin entrance sound,
And to his haughty purpose forc'd to yield
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

VII.

Who knows but some four-tail'd Bashaw May hail thee, Peer, his Son in Law, Some bright Sultana, Asia's pride, Was Grandame to the beauteous bride : For fure a girl fo fweet, fo kind, Such a fincere and lovely mind. Where each exalted virtue shines, Could never spring from vulgar loins. No, no, some chief of great Arsaces' line. Has form'd her lineaments divine; Who Rome's imperial fasces broke. And fourn'd the nation's galling yoke, Tho' now, oh! fad reverse of fate, The former luftre of her royal state, She fees injurious Time deface, And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

VIII.

Her melting eye and slender waste, Fair tap'ring from the swelling breast, All nature's charms, all nature's pride,
Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,
I own.—But swear by bright Apollo,
Whose Priest I am, nought, nought can follow;
Suspect not thou a Poet's praise,
Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze:
Alas! such badinage but ill would suit
A married man, and forty years to boot.



HORACE

BOOK H. ODE XVI.

IMITATED:

To the Earl of M____t.

I.

E Ase from the gods the failor prays,
O'ertaken in the Ægean seas,
When storms begin to roar;
When clouds wrap up the moon from sight,
Nor shine the stars with certain light,
To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade:

Ease, graceful in his Tartan Plaid,

The Highlander demands,

許人

M----t

t, not to be bought or fold, For purple, precious gems, or gold, Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden Mace, Born high before the great in place, Make cares stand out o'the way; The anxious tumults of the mind, That round the palace unconfin'd, Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board Shines with frugal affluence ftor'd. The wealth his fire possest; Nor fear to lose, creates him pain, Nor fordid love of greater gain, Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow, Beyond our end our hopes to throw, For warm with other funs Why change our clime? to ease his toil, What exile from his native foil, From felf an exile runs, Not much to three

For vicious care the ship ascends, On the way-faring troup attends First of the company: Swifter than harts that feek the floods, Swifter than roll wind driven clouds Along the middle fky.

this to the winer or took .

Glad in the present hour, a mind Disdains the care beyond, assign'd To all, content at heart; Tempers of life the bitter cup, With sweetning mirth, and drinks it up, None bleft in every part.

Dwindled thy Sire in flow old age, Young K-m from off this stage Was ravish'd in his prime: The hour perhaps benign to me. Will grant what it denies to thee. And lengthen out my time.

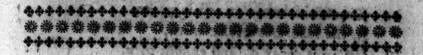
A numerous herd thy vallies fills, The cattle on a thousand hills, That low around are thine. The well-pair'd mares, thy gilded car, Draw thro' the streets, thy felf from far, In richest filks to shine, no senide es W.

en ein nicht barr beit A

. The middle of the

Conspicuous seen : To me my fate, Not much to blame, a small estate, Of rural acres few: A flender portion of the muse Bounteous besides, the Grace allows, To fcorn th' ill thinking crew.

> thick was ab boing her ages HORACE



HORACE

BOOK IV. ODE I.

IMITATED.

TEnus! call'ft thou once more to arms? Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms? Annoy'lt my peaceful state again____ Oh, faith of treaties fworn in vain! Seal'd with the fignet of thy doves, And ratify'd by all the Loves. Spare, Goddess! I implore, implore! Alas! thy suppliant is no more What once he was in happier time, (Illustrated by many a rhime) When, skill'd in every ruling art, Good A****s fway'd his yielding heart: Love's champion then, and known to fame, He boasted no inglorious name. 解。,相違經過 Now, cruel mother of defires ! That doubts and anxious joys inspires. Ah why, so long disus'd, again, Leviest thou thy dreadful train; That, when in daring fights he toil'd, So oft his youthful ardor foil'd?

Oh! let thy hostile fury cease,
Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,
In the laborious service worn,
His arms decay'd, and ensigns torn.

Go, go, Swan-wing'd! thro' liquid air, Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r Recals thee from the long delay, And weeping, chides thee for thy flay, My lowly roof, that knows no state, Can't entertain a guest so great: In P****th's dome, majestick Queen, With better grace thou shalt be seen, If worthy of the Cyprian dart, Thou feek'st to pierce a lovely heart : For he to noble birth has join'd A graceful form and gentle mind; And to subdue a virgin breast The youth with thousand arts is bleft; Nor filent in his country's cause, The anxious guardian of her laws. He, in thy noblest warfare try'd, Shall spread thy empire far and wide; Confirm the glories of thy reign; And not a glance shall fall in vain. Then, when each rival shall submit The prize of beauty and of wit, And riches yield to fair defert The triumph of a female heart; Grateful thy marble form shall stand, Fair breathing from the sculptor's hand,

a feet to be bled not so it as Below

Below the temple's pillar'd pride, Fast by a facred fountain's fide. Where Tweed sports round each winding maze, There fong shall warble, incense blaze; Nor dumb shall rest the filver lyre, To animate the feltive choir. of conferences There twice a-day fond boys shall come, And tender virgins in their bloom, (With fearful awe and infant fhame) To call upon thy hallow'd name, As thrice about the wanton round With snowy feet they lightly bound. -For me no beauty now invites, Long recreant to the foft delights. Lost to the charming arts that move, Ah, dare I hope a mutual love! a character The fond belief, of pleasing pain, That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again. No wreaths upon my forehead bloom, Where flow'rs their vernal fouls confume. No more the reigning toast I claim: I yield the fierce contended name, Tho' daring once to drink all up, While Bacchus could supply the cup. "Farewell, delusive, idle power! Welcome, contemplation's hour.

" Now, new I fearch, neglected long,

" The charms that lie in moral fong,

" How to asswage the boiling blood,

" The lessons of the wife and good;

Now with fraternal forrows mourn " Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn! " Or higher raise the wish refin'd, "The generous pray'r for human kind; "Or, anxious for my Britain's fate, " To Freedom beg a longer date, To calm her more than civil rage, And spare her yet one other age, "These, these the labours I pursue: & Fantastic Love! a long adieu." -Yet why, O beauteous *****, why, Heaves the long forgotten figh? Why down my cheeks, when you appear, Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear? Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow, Why fails my tongue its master now, And, fault'ring, dubious strives in vain The tender meaning to explain? Why, in the visions of the night, Rifes thy image to my fight? Now feiz'd, thy much lov'd form I hold Now lose again the transient fold; Unequal, panting far behind, Pursue thee fleeter than the wind, Whether the dear delugion strays Thro' fair Hope-park's inchanting maze, Or where thy cruel Phantom glides Along the fwiftly running tides.



HORACE

BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII.

IMITATED.

Ear Ramfay, if I know thy foul aright. Plain-dealing honesty's thy dear delight: Nor great, but candid born; not rich, but free; Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me: Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend, I fear no flatt'rer where I wish a friend. As the chaste matron's tender look and kind, Where fits the foul to speak the yearning mind, From the falle colouring of the wanton flows Th' unhallow'd roses and polluted snows, A glare of beauty, nauseous to the light, Groß but to feed delire, not raise delight: So differs far, in value, use and end, The praising foe from the reproving friend. Such distance lies between, nay greater far, Who bears an honest heart, or bears a star. A fault there is, but of another fort, That aims by nastiness to make its court : By downright rudeness wou'd attempt to please, And sticks his friendship on your lips in greafe :

X

With

With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules) All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools; Good humour for impertinence prevails; So strangely honest, --- he'll not pair his nails. Know, virtuous Sir, if not indeed a flave Yet, fordid as the thing, thou art a knave; Virtue, its own, and every plain man's guide. Serenely walks, with vice on every fide, Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend, To follies deaf, that call from either end. This simple maxim shou'd a statesman doubt. Two characters shall make it plainly out. The first is his, (the opposite of proud) By far more humble than a Christian shou'd, Purfues, distasteful of plain sober cheer. Th' inhospitable dinner of a peer; Usurps, without the task of faying grace, The poor starv'd chaplain's perquisites and place; To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth; So well bred he, -he never spoke one truth : With watchful eyes fits full against my lord, And catches, as it falls, each heavy word; That, echo'd back, and fent from lungs more able, Assumes new force, and bandies round the table. All stare: " Was ever thing so pretty spoke?" You'd almost fwear it was his Grace's joke. Yet such as these divide the great man's store, And flatter out the friendless and the poor.

Nor less the fool our censure must engage,
Whom every trifle rouses into rage.

He arms for all, so herce the wordy war, Labeo far les tenacious at the bar; Words heap'd on words to fast together drive, Like cloftring bees that darken from the hive, He fights alas! what mortal dares confute him ? With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about him? Deny me this; ah! rather than comply A thing fo plain, -I'd fooner starve or die. But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws? Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws? Say, on th' oppressor does his anger fall? Pleads he for the diffres'd, like good Newhall? Against corruption does his vengeance rise? The army? or the general excise? On trifling themes like these our man is mute, As S _____, if fee-less you present your suit. More facred truths his zealous rage fupply; What all acknowledge, or what all deny: If rogues in red are worse than rogues in lawn; Or *** be as great a dunce as —; Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road, Be thirty foot, or five and thirty broad. The vicious man, tho' in the worst degree, His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he. Is there whom lawless love should bring to gallows? He cries, what vengeance waits on perjur'd fellows? Ruchead, who pin'd amidit his boundless store, Cou'd wonder why rich Selkirk wish'd for more: The youthful knight, who fquanders all away,

The man who thirsts and hungers after gold;
The tricking tradesman, and the merchant bold;
Whom sear of poverty compels to sly
Thro' seas, excisemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;
Start at each others crimes with pious fright,
Yet think themselves for ever in the right.

But above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims;
And calls the poorer finner filthy names;
Tho' his foul foul, discolour'd all within,
Has deeper drank the tincture of each fin:
Or else advises, as the mother sage
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,
(And, faith, tho' insolent of wealth, in this
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amis)

- " Yield, yield, O fool, to my superior merit,
- Without a fixpence thou, and fin with spirit?
- " For me these high adventures kept by fate;
- " For crimes look graceful with a large estate:
- " Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more;
- "Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee poore
 But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;
 What boots it how they die or how they live?
 Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you find,
 To change the species of the virtuous mind.
 You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's way,
 Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,
 Invited first the destin'd prey to dine,
 Then whisper'd in his ear, "You must be fine:
 "Fine cloaths, gay equipage, a splendid board
 "Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.

" Why

"Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds;

" To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to hounds?

"Go roam about in gilded chariot hurl'd;

Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the world:

"These kind instructors teach you best of any,

" The wife Sir William, and the good Lord Fanny."

Guiltless he hears of pension and of place,
Then sinks in honour as he swells in lace;

Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,

Melts in the fundhine of a court away.

At first (not every manly thought refign'd)
He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;

Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,
And virtuous blushes ling'ring on his face:

The artful tempter plies the flavish hour;

And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;
Then tips his fellow Statesman, "He'll assume

" New modes of thinking in the Drawing-room;

See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes.

" See pensions, ribbons, coronets arise."

" The man, whom labour only could delight,

" Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night:

"Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,

"Unmov'd shall riot at the orphan's cost;

To pleasures vile, that health and same destroy,

"Yield the domestick charm, the focial joy.

" See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,

" He flumbers over Lucan's free born rage.

" Each action in inverted lights is feen;

" Meannels, frugality; and freedom, fpleen;

" How foolish Cato! Caefar how divine! " In spite of Tully, friend to Catiline." Thus to each fair idea long unknown, The flave of each man's vices and his own. Inroll'd a member of the hireling tribe, He tow'rs to villany's last act, a bribe, And turns to make his ruin'd fortune's clear, Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer; Till, late refracted thro' a purer air, The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere: Lo, vile, obscure he ends his buftling day, All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray; And envies, poor, unpity'd, fcorn'd by all; Marchmont the glories of a gen'rous fall. Such fad examples can this land afford? Why 'tis the history of many a Lord.

But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say;
Yet drink with such originals each day.
Then censure we no more, too daring friend,
Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.
How poor a figure should a poet make,
Ta'en into custody for scribbling's sake?
Ah how! (you know the muses never pay)
With all his verses earn five pounds a-day?
Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,
Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.
Then, first, into no others secrets pry;
To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:
Of these, unask'd, why shou'd you claim a share?
But keep these safe intrusted to your care:

For this, beware the cunning low defign,
That takes advantage of your rage or wine;
For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,
Is rath, intemp'rate, headlong in its words.
Lock fast your lips, then, guard whate'er you say,
Lest in the sit of passion you betray;
And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal pow'r
To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour.

There is a certain pleafing force, that binds, Fatter than chains do flaves, two willing minds. Tempers oppos'd each may it lelf controul, And melt two varying natures in one foul. This made two brothers diffrent humours hit, The one had probity, and one had wit. Of fober manners this, and plain good fenfe, Avoided cards, wine, company, expence; Safe from the tempting fatal fex withdrew, Nor made advances further than a bow. A diff'rent train of life his twin pursues; Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the stews, A mistress, op'ra, play, each darling theme; To scribble, above all, his joy supreme. Must these two brothers always meet to scold, Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of old? Each yielding, mutual, could each other please, And drew life's yoke with tolerable cafe: This thinking mirth not always in the wrong, Wou'd fometimes condescend to hear a fong ; And that, fatigu'd with his exalted fits, His beauties, gewgaws, whirlegigs and wits,

Would

Would leave them all, far happier, to regale
With profe and friendship o'er a pot of ale.
Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,
And seem to lose, altho' thou gain'st the field;
Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,
Rail at his studies, and extol your own.

For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew. (And dreams, as rev'rend dreamers tell, are true) Sir George my shoulder slaps, just in the time When some rebellious word consents to rhime: Sudden my verses take the rude alarm, New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm : I fart, I fare, I question with my eyes; At once the whole poetic vision flies. Up, up, exclaims the Knight; the season fair; See how serene the sky, how calm the air; Hark! from the hills the chearful horns rebound. And Echo propagates the jovial found; The certain hound in thought his prey pursues, The fcent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews, I quit my couch, and chearfully obey, Content to let the younker have his way; I mount my courser, fleeter than the wind, And leave the rage of poetry behind. But when, the day in healthful labour loft. We eat our supper earn'd at common cost; When each frank tongue speaks out without controll, And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl; Tho' all love profe, my poetry finds grace, And, pleas'd, I chant the glories of the chace.

Of old, when Scotia's fons for empire fought, Ere av'rice had debas'd each gen'rous thought, Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot, One half had learn'd to dofe, one half to vote, Each bardy toil confirm'd their dawning age, And mimic fights inspir'd to martial rage: 'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to fend. With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend; O'ercame with early arm the fiercest floods, Or rang'd 'midft chilling fnows the pathless woods; Toil'd for the favage boar on which they fed: Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred : That gave (not polish'd then below mankind) Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind. The smiling dame, in those victorious days, Was woo'd by valour, not feduc'd by praife; Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel, And never faw her lover, but in steel; Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield, And fend her Hero raging to the field; Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongu'd vow, Pleas'd with a genuine heart, as H*** is now. How would the gen'rous lass detest to see An effenc'd fopling puling o'er his tea; Ah how, distasteful of the mimic show. Difdain the false appearance, as a foe! To greet, unfolding ev'ry focial charm, Her foldier from the field of glory warm.

But now, alas! these gen'rous aims are oe'r; Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more. Yet humbler talks may claim the patriot's toil;
Who aids her laws no more, may mend her foil.
Since, to be happy, man must ne'er be still,
Th' internal void let peaceful labours fill;
When kind amusements hours of same employ,
The working mind sablides to sober joy!
Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,
The wheaten garland wreath the laures'd head;
Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,
Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year;
In barren heatlis, where summer never smil'd,
The rural city rises o'er the wild;
Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,
Disport the sons of mirth and gamesome love.

It now remains I counsel, if indeed

My counsel, friend, can stand thee ought in stead.

Judge well of whom you speak; nor will you find

It always safe to tell each man your mind.

Even honesty regard to safety owes;

Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.

Th' eternal questiner shun: a certain rule,

There is no blab like to the questining fool;

Even scarce before you turn yourself about,

Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;

The word elanc'd no longer we controll,

Once fally'd forth, it bursts from pole to pole.

Guard well your heart, ah! Itill be beauty-proof
Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof,
What tho' she shines the brightest of the fair,
A form even such as Wallace self might wear!

What

What the no rocks, nor marble arm her breaft,
A yielding Helen to her Trojan gueft,
The dangerous combat fly: why wouldst then gain
A shameful conquest won by years of pain?
For know, the short-liv'd guilty rapture past,
Resection comes a dreadful judge at last:
'Tis that avenges (such its pointed stings)
The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.

To praise aright, is sure no easy art; Yet prudence here directs the wife-man's part. Let long experience then confirm the friend, Dive to his depth of foul, ere you commend; Should you extol the fool but flightly known, Guiltless you blush for follies not your own. Alas! we err: for villains can betray, And gold corrupt the faint of yesterday. Then yield, convicted by the publick voice, And frankly own the weakness of your choice; So greater credit shall your judgment gain, When you defend the worth that knaves arraign; Whole foul fecure, confiding in your aid, Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade; When envy on his spotless name shall fall Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all; This mutual help the kindred virtues claim; For calumny eats on from fame to fame. When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames afpire, Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fice ? When envy rages, small the space betwirt, In worth ally'd, thy character is next.

Fir'd at the first with what the great impart, Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart. How weet the converie of the potent friend! How charming when the mighty condescend! The smile so affable, the courtly word !-And, as we would a miltress, trust a lord, Th' experienc'd dread the cheat; with prudent care Diftrust alike the powerful and the fair, Thou, when thy veffel flies before the wind, Think on the peaceful port thou left behind; Tho' all serene, yet bear a humble sail, Lest veering greatness shift the treach'rous gale. How various man! yet such are nature's laws. With pow'rful force each diff'rent humour draws ! The grave the chearful hate; these hate the sad; Your lober wife-man thinks the wit quite mad ; He, happy too in wit's inverted rule, who was and a Thinks every fober wife-man more than fool: Whole active mind from toil to toil can run, And join the riling to the fetting fun, which was an well Like Philip's fon for fame, purluing gains While yet one penny unfubdu'd remains; Admires how lovers waste th' inactive day, Sigh, mid'ft the fair, their gentle fouls away. The tuneful bard, who boalts his vary'd strains, Shares with the lark the glory of the plains, Whole life th' impression of no forrow knows, which So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flows, which were In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues, was well Pleas'd with the gingling bauble of a mule

Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme, When greatness fickens o'er th' ambitious dreams Each boon companion, who the night prolongs, In noise and rapture, festivals and longs, Condemns the graver mortal for an als, Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass; Still urging on, what boots it that you fwear You dread the vapours and nocturnal air; Yet grant a little to the focial vine, Full on the friend with cloudless vilage thine, Oft fullen filence speaks a want of sense, Or folly lurks beneath the wife pretence. Is there severe, who baulks the genial hour? He's not fo fober, were he not fo four.

But above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er. Fair peace thro' all her fecret haunts explore: Consult the learn'd in life, (these best advise) The good in this, more knowing than the wife. Their facred science learn, and what the art To guard the fallies of th' impetuous heart; With temper due th' internal polic to keep, Not foaring impudent, nor fervile creep; How fure thyself, thy friends, thy God to please. Firm health without, within unshaken peace : Lest keen desire, still making new demands. Should raise new foes unnumber'd on thy hands: Or hope, or fear inspire th' unmanly groan, For things of little use, perhaps of none: Who best can purchase Virtue's righteous dow'r, The fage with wifdom, or the king with pow'r: ASSEMBLY LONG THE CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF T

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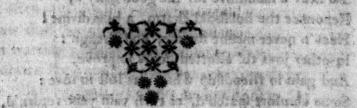
Or if the mighty bleffing stands confin'd,
To the chaste nature and the heav'n-raught mind:
And chief th' important lesson wise attend,
What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend:
If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,
Or greatness can insure a night's repose;
Or must we seek it in the secret road
That leads thro' virtue to the peaceful God;
A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,
We steal thro' life all unperceiv'd along.

For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale, I make to port, and croud on all my fail. Soon may the peaceful grove and shelter'd feat Receive me weary in the kind retreat; Bleft if my **** be the deftin'd fhade, Where childhood sported, of no ills afraid, Ere youth full grown its daring wing display'd. That often croft by life's intestine war, Forelaw that day of triumph from afar, When warring passions mingling in the fray, Had drawn the youthful wand'rer from his way : But recollecting the short error, mourn'd, And duteous to the warning voice return'd. No more the passions hurrying into strife, My foul enjoys the gentler calms of life. Like Tityrus, blefs'd among the rural shades, Whose hallow'd round no guilty wish invades; No joy tumultuous, no depressing care; All that I want is Amaryllis there; Where filver Forth each fair meander leads Thro' breathing harvests and empurpl'd meads;

Whole

Whose ruffet swains enjoy the golden dream, And thankful bless the plenty-giving stream. There youth, convinc'd, foregoes each daring claim, And fettling manhood takes a furer aim: Till, age accomplish late the fair design. And calm possess the good, if age be mine. What think'st thou, then, my friend, shall be my cares, My daily studies, and my nightly pray'rs? Of the propitious Pow'r this boon I crave. Still to preserve the little that I have; Nor yet repugnance at the lot express, Should Fate decree that little to be les That what remains of life to heav'n I live, If life indeed has any time to give : Or if the fug'tive will no longer stay, To part as friends should do, and slip away: Thankful to heav'n, or for the good supply'd, To heav'n submissive for the good deny'd, Renounce the houshold charm, a blis divine! Heav'n never meant for me, and I relign : In other joys th' allotted hours improve, And gain in friendship what was lost in love : Some comfort fnatch'd, as each vain year return'd. When nature foffer'd, or when friendship mourn'd, Of all that stock so fatally bereft, Once youth's proud boaft, alas! the little left; These friends, in youth belov'd, in manhood try'd. Age must not change thro' avarice or pride: For me let Wildom's facred fountain flow, The cordial draught that fweetens every woe :

Let fortune kind, the Just Enough provide, Nor dubious float on Hope's uncertain tide; Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even .-Thus far fuffices to have ask'd of heaven. Who in the dispensations of a day. Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes away ; To feaffolds oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings; Takes power from statefinen, and their thrones from kings; From the unthankful heart the blifs decreed-But leaves the man of worth still bles'd indeed : Be life heav'n's gift, be mine the care to find Still equal to itself the balanc'd mind; Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy, With thoughtful quiet pleas'd, and virtuous joy; In these, and these alone, supremely blest, When fools and madmen fcramble for the reft. The Land House House in or the



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SANFARRY STANK SOMETIME



PINDAR'S OLYMPIA

O D E COL

Their voluntary virtue first.

TRANSLATED

WATER, great principle whence nature springs,
The prime of elements, and first of things,
Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,
As through the night the stery blaze
Pours all around the streaming rays,
Conspicuous glows the golden oar.
But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire
To sing the contests of the great,
Calls forth t'awake th' etherial sire.
What subject worthier of the lyre,
Olympia's glories to relate!
Full in the sorehead of the sky,
The sun, the world's bright radiant eye,

Shines

Lyricorum konge Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentia, sententiis, figuris, beatissima rerum verborumque copia, et velut quodaminiquentiz sumine; propter que Horatius sum merito credit nemini imitabilem. Quinctil, instit, orat, lib. 2. cap. 1.

Shines o'er each lesser same! On earth what theme suffices more To make the Mules' offspring Toar, Than the Olympian Victor's fame? But from the fwelling column, where on high It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre, If with fweet love of facred melody A The steeds of Hiero thy breast inspire. When born along the flow'ry fide, Where fmooth Alpheus' waters glide, Their voluntary virtue flies, Nor needs the drivers rouzing cries, But rapid feize the dufty space, To reap the honours of the race,

The merit of their speed;

And bind with laurel wreath the manly brown. Thin A Of him the mighty King of Syracule, demouls an Delighting in the victor fleed. He sand I Far founds his glory thro' the winding coast Of Lydia, where his wand'ring hoft you O candr it mil From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes to any and or There profper'd in his late found reign Lov'd by the ruler of the main ; bidal to W When at the banquet of the Gods, 10 In the pure laver of the Fates again, out of the I Clotho, the youth to life renew'd, and T With potent charm and myftic ftrain, When by his cruel father flain, and All With ivory shoulder bright endowd, murray I a

innie floring purpler and Hierarits ours merry credit named

indibbelem. Coincell, infitt erat fibr & cap. 1.

Oft fables with a	fond furprized and
When theded at-	with fair difguile.
The wantited	mind details in the little
Deletation	
Deluded by the Li	
: We joy more in it	
.V. = Tuanio muth	Where fines, nierfy liftings
But chief to verfe these wond're	Succeeded gnoled arwing and
Such grace has Heaven be	Rowld on Jone :
Bleft Parent I from whose loins	But when so wordstrough
To mitigate our pain belo	
Soft'ning ship any isfa to	Nor yet to loothe tigowin
A C	radoctin minor or nad tow
Are spring, the children	The fear resign at to n
Song can o'er unbelief littelf pre	Thy latting-place, clien
The virtue of its magic as	The weeping fair's for
Can make the most amazing tal-	Then Pary's forked torigine
With shafts of eloquence affail,	And wound thy Sire's
Victorious, the yielding he	
But time on never ce	aling winger on bold
Experienc'd wifdom	October 15
Anna Anna Anna Anna Anna Anna Anna Anna	nowly brings, it is a posses
And teaches more	
Not to blapheme the	
That deathless fills t	he heav'nly throne,
	Pengenne pripaga
Therefore, O fon of Tantalus,	will gelerated like
In other guile thy wond'rous	
And juster to the Rulers of the	Belletelle arts 11 minman 207
With lips more hallow'd than	
Per prise de circulation de la	die bards or old;
	Soddiabove is classic to A
To fhare the kind retur	not dove the confe
A CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON O	botivat m. Oct chief faw at

Invited from their native bow'rs,
To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,
The trident pow'r, by herce delire
Subdu'd, on golden fleeds of fire,

Thee bore aloft to Jove on high;
Where fince young Ganymede, fweet Phrygian boy,
Succeeded to the ministry of joy,

And nectar banquet of the sky:

But when no more on earth thy form was feen, and the Conspicuous in the walks of men,

Nor yet to foothe thy mother's longing fight, win Foz

The fearthing train fent to explore country and

Thy lurking-place, could thee reffore, day 150 and good

The weeping fair's supreme delight a supply of I

Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infelt

And wound thy Sire's untainted fame,

That he to each atherial guesting out amounts !

Had ferv'd thee up a horrid feast,

Subdu'd by force of all-devouring flame;

But, the bleft Pow'rs of Heav'n t'accuse,

Far be it from the holy Muse, id or sold

Of fuch a fealt impure;

Vengeance protracted for a time,

Still overtakes the fland'rer's crime,

At Heaven's flow appointed hour,

Yet certain, if the Pow'r who wide furveys, as a fine had

From his watch-tow'r, the earth and feas, and his W

E'er dignify'd the perishable race;

Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,

Him, the chief fav'rite of the sky, Exalted to fublimest grace,

But

H

But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,

Swell'd with his envy'd happiness,

Weak and frail his mortal brain,

The lot superior to sustain;

He fell degraded from his bliss.

For on his head th' Almighty Sire,

Potent in his kindled ire, and and and

Hung a rock's monstrons weight;
Too seeble to remove the load,
Fix'd by the sanction of the God,
He wandred erring from delight.

The watchful fynod of the skies decreed

His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,

Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,

On earth secure, a stranger to repose.

Because, by mad ambition driv'n,
He robb'd the facred stores of heav'n;
Th' ambrosial vintage of the skies
Became the daring spoiler's prize,
And brought to sons of mortal earth
The banquet of celestial birth,

With endless blessings fraught,
And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,
Whose precious sweets make bless the Pow'rs divine,
Gift of the rich immortal draught.

Gift of the rich immortal draught.

Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may lye

Unseen by the supreme all-pieroing eye;

He, high enthron'd above all heav'ns height,

The works of men with broad survey.

And as in the blazing flame of day,

Beholds

Beholds the ferret deals of nights without buons old not.

Therefore his fon the immortals back again in hillions. Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes, him it w To talte his there of human pains sel sel Exil'd from the celefial reign, And fweet communion of the gods. But when the fleecy down began sastoli To clothe his chin, and promife man; The fhafts of young defire a line on T And love of the fair female kind, vd ball Inflam'd the youthful hero's mind. wall And fet his antorous foul on fire ? In formy of ? Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes, mand hellow all The Pilan tyrant's bleoming prize, tyrnow s'h'actrono) High in his hopes he purposid to obtain; errord days and O'ercome her favage fire in arms, vi slanost The price of her celebral charms to hidden of t For this the Ruley of the main Joulant 'a l' Invoking in the dreary folimide. And fecretification of the night os the world has A Oft, on the margin of the flood Alone, the raging dover froods Till to his long-defiting fight, ver antiquit aid of laA Sinh below the founding deeps, it assessed shad if His fealy herds where Proteus keeps, The favorite youth to pleafe; not man belt shale ! Dividing fwift the hoary ftream, I sil des all Refulgent on his golden team, Monthly and Al Appear'd the trident deepter'd King of feas. To Aid as in the blanke flame of day, ablade I

To whom the youth : If e'er with fond delight,
The gifts of Venus could thy foul infpires
Restrain fell Oenemaus' spear in fight; L'having
And me, who dare advent'rous to affaire,
Me grant, propitious, to fucreed, desoy testors of I
Enduing with unrival despeed were not find al
The flying car, decreed to gain all the anguage 14
The laurel wreath, on Elia plain, and has
Victorious o'er the father's pour's and nim o'T
Who dire, fo many haples lovers flain, a way and
Does still a maid the wond rous fair detain, wond
Protractive of the fweet committed bear.
Danger demands a fool fecure of dready or triging!
Equal to the daring deed to day Bould of
Since there, the immutable decrees of Pare, dr
Have fix'd, by their vicegerent Death, all yell wolf
The limits of each mortal breath, birned and to
Doom'd to the urn, or foon or late.
w nat mind relolved and brave would fleen away.
ris life, when glory warms the bloodyng in
Only tenjoy forme dell delays and all
Inactive to his dying day, and and hear
Not aiming at the smallest good?
But the blooming maid infpires
My break to far fublimer fires and admit
To raile my glory to the fleies
Gracious O! faviring Pow'r give con
indulgent to my vow inceres
the mighty enterprize
o pray d the boy: nor fell his words in vain.
Unheeded by the ruler of the main;

A golden car, earth's shaking Pow'r bestow'd, And to the glitt'ring axle join'd Unrival'd steeds, fleet as the wind; and line regard of Glad of the present of the god, odu som bank The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight In dust the haughty parent laid, the drive muchant Neptune fulfils the youth's delight, maryll ad I And wings his chariot's rapid flight, and add To win the fweet celeftial maid. To an infort She with fix fons, a fair increase, a of while and Al Crown'd the Hero's warm embraces a line Whom virtue's love inspir'd; Upright to walk in virtue's ways, a somemon towned The furest path to noblest praise, The noblest praise the youth acquir'd. Now by Alphens' stream, meand'ring fair, Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan plains,

A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air,

All, of the mighty man that was, contains.

There frequent in the holy shade,
The vows of stranger-chiefs are paid,
And on the sacred altar lies
The victim, smoaking to the skies,
When heroes, at the solemn shrine,
Invoke the pow'rs with rites divine,

From every distant foil,

And drive about the confecrated mound

The founding car, or on the listed ground

Urge the sleet racers, or the wrestlers toil.

Happy

; make and to refer out yet bebroom

Happy the man whom fav'ring Fate allows
The wreaths of Pifa to furround his brows;
All wedded to delight, his after-days

In calm and even tenor run,

The noble dow'r of conquest won,

Such conscious pleasure flows from praise.

Thee, Muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,

It fits, and to refound his name:

Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,

In thy fweet Eolian fong,

His garland of Olympian fame. O could five to

Nor shalt thou, O! my Muse, e'er find

A more fublime or worthier mind,

To better fortunes born :

On whom the gracious love of God,

The regal pow'r has kind bestow'd,

And arts of fway, that power t'adorn,

Still may thy God, O potent King! employ

His facred ministry of joy,

Solicitous with tutelary care,

To guard from the attacks of Fate

Thy bleffings lafting as they're great,

The pious Poet's constant pray'r.

Then to the mighty bounty of the fky,

The Muse shall add a sweeter lay,

With wing fublime when the shall fly,

Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,

Smote with the burning shafts of day;

If the Muses' quiver'd God

Pave for fong the even road,

A 2

Wiel

With facred rapture warm.

A further flight aloft in air

Elanc'd, shall wing my unreful from.

More vigorous from the Muse's arm.

To many heights the during climber springs.

Ere he the highest top of pow'r shall gain;

Chief seated there the majesty of Kings;

The rest at different steps below remain;

Exalted to that wondrous height.

T' extend the prospect of delight.

May'st thou, O Hiero! live content.

On the top of all ascent.

To thee, by bounteous Fates, be given

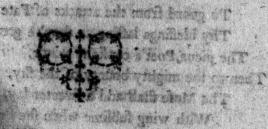
T' inhabit still thy losty heav'n:

For me, in arts of peace,

Still to converie with the fair victor hoft,

For graceful fong, an honourable boaft,

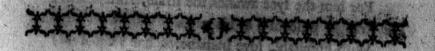
Conspicuous thro? the realms of Greece.



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PINDAR'S OLYMPIA,

O Die End He wil a lo

Sov'reign hymns! that pow'rful reign In the harp, your fweet domain, Whom will ye choose to raile; Ca the fair there's What god shall now the verse relound; What chief, for godlike deed renown'd, Exalt to loftielt praise? Pifa is Jove's: Jove's conqu'ring fon Pirit the Olympic race ordain'd: The first fair fruits of glory won pointed at the The haughty tyrant's rage reftrain'd. He first the wond rous game bestow'd When breathing from Augean toils; He confecrates the dreadful spoils; An of ring to his Father-god. Theron, his virtues to approve, And imitate the feed of Jove, Th' Olympic laurel claims, Whole swift-wheel'd car has born away The rapid honours of the day, Foremost among the victor names,

Therefore

Therefore for Theron praise awaits, For him the lyre awakes the strain, The stranger welcom'd at his gates With holpitable love humane, Fix'd on the councils of his breaft, As on the column's lofty height Remains secure the building's weight, The structure of his realm may rest. Of a fair flem, himself a fairer flow'r, Who foon transplanted from their native foil, Wander'd many climates o'er, Till after long and various toil, On the fair river's destin'd bank they found Their facred feat, and heav'n-chole ground: Where stood delightful to the eye The fruitful, beauteous Sicily, And could a num'rous iffue boaft, That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er the coast. The following years all took their filver flight, With pleasure wing'd and soft delight, And every year that flew in peace, Brought to their native virtues, store Of wealth and pow'r, a new increase, Fate still confirm'd the fum, and bounteous added more, But fon of Rhe' and Saturn old. Who doft thy facred throne uphold On high Olympus' hill; Whose rule th' Olympic race obeys, Who guid'st Alpheus' winding maze,

in hymns delighting still;

Bruistall

Grant,

Grant, gracious to the godlike race, Their children's children to fullain, the a labora Peaceful thro' time's ne'er-ending space, the ai hidrall The sceptre and paternal reign. For time, the aged fire of all, The deed impatient of delay, to an and as add Which the fwift hour has wing'd away, to Fi Just or unjust, can ne'er recall. and don aid soob at But when calmer days succeed, or of loos out sed? Of fair event, and lovely deed, and another and W Our lot ferene at laft; and a stroken The memory of darker hours, and had by store of When Heav'n fevere and angry low'rs, we will make man Forgotten lyes and past. Thus mild, and lenient of his frown, When Jove regards our adverse fate, And fends his chosen bleffings down To chear below our mortal state: Then former evils, odious brood, and had reed wall Before the heav'n-born bleffings fly, Or trodden down subjected lye, Soon vanquish'd by the victor-good. With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees

The Muse's song; who, after many woes

At last on golden thrones of ease,

Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.

No more they think of Cadmus, mournful swain to Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.

And Semele, of rofy hue,
Whom the embracing Thund'rer flew.

Exalted

Estalted now to hear his abodes, archesty and Herfelf a goddels blythe, dwells with unincital godd; Bath'd in th' ambrofial adours of the fley, and latter I Her long difficult'd treffes fly to an interest on I

Her, Minerva still approves;
She is her prime and darling joy

As does his roly fon, the try-crowned boys to that

Thou Ino too! in pearly cells, was rounded made and

Where Nereus' fea-green daughter dwells, 20 10

Enjoy'st a lot divine a possist of the No more of full ring mortal strain, to yoursen and a An azure goddels of the main; provided vasals and the Eternal rest is thing.

Lost in a maze, blind feeble man, but blind and T Knows not the hour lie fure foresees,

Nor with the eyes of nature can be a bear bear. Pierce thro' the hidden deep decrees.

That in meridian splender glows, donor or all Shall gild his evining's quiet close;

As when the ocean's refluent tides,

Within his hollow words fublides,

Is heard to found no more;
Till routing all its rage again,
Flood roll d on flood it pours amain,

And fweeps the fandy thore:
So Fortune, mighty Queen of life,
Works up proud man; her deftin'd flave,

Of good and ill the flormy fte	March March Apprens
The iport of her elternate	Water
Now mounted to the hei	sht of blift
He feems to mingle with	the days
Now looking down with	giddy eye.
Sees the retreating water	S Altra
And trembles at th	e deep shale
As, by experience led, the fearch	hing mind
Revolves the records of fill-	hancing fete
Such dire reverses shall he	industrial and a second
Oft mark the fortunes of	the great I
Now bounteous Gods, with bleff	hore all divine
Exalt on high the sceptred	line
Now the bright scene of lau	relia ver a la con
At once quick-shifting, difa	nnearest and and and
And in their radiant room i	percentage of the second
A difmal train of ills, and tyrann	one millions
Since the curft hour the fate	fol for
Plung'd in the guilt he foug	he to day
And faw beneath his halty	2001
The hoary King, Heav'n	's violing bloods
Deaf to a father's pleading	opening client
His erring hands fulfill'd, what g	milto Fote deread
Erynnis, dreadful Fury! fau	In the same of the same of
The breach of nature's holieft.	lower was seen an abla
She mounts her hooked	Laborated the second
Thro' Phocis' death-devoted g	
She flew, and gave the nations	tonica and a supplied
To the wide walte of	The second of the
• Value may walke a	
	and the pot of By

By mutual hands the brothers dy'd, will but hosp to Furious on mutual wounds they run; horl and Sons, fathers, fwell the fanguine tide; with Fate drove the purple deluge on, of ames) all Thus perish'd all the fated brood, Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will; When fated vengeance had its fill, but ... Therfander clos'd the fcene of blood. Doingous vd . . He, fprung from beauteous Argea, shone, and inviered The glory of Adrastrus throne, di piliove sub done When heree in youthful fire, when ho He rag'd around the Theban wall, And faw the fevenfold city fall and said no sland. A victim to his fire. The sould stand out woll From him, as from a fecond root, had to some 14. Wide fpreading to the lofty fkies, word of baA The fons of martial glory fhoot, . Who night handle A And clust'ring chiefs on chiefs arife, There in the topmost boughs display'd, m b sand Great Theron fits with luftre crown'd, will have And verdant honours bloom around, and While nations reft beneath his shade. Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays, Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler ftrain! Decent is ev'n th' excels of praise: To donn't ent For Theron strike the founding lyre again, Olympia's flow'ring wreath he fingly wears; The Isthmian palm his brother shares. Delphi refounds the kindred name, to or The youths contend alike for fame,

Fair rivals in the glorious chac	er och på einste
When twelve times darting round, the	Alew the billy face
Thrice bleft ! for whom the G	races turing
Fame's brightest plume, the w	anche Maria
Loft to remembrance, former	CALLE COVADO S
No more reflection's fling employ	
With trippinh all the hafer of	A STANDARD THE COMME
With triumph all the bofom gl	owsia communication and
Pour'd thro' th' expanding heart, th'	impetuous tide of joy
Riches, that fingly are poffelt,	n and public and
Vain pomp of life! a fpecious was	te, sen da M
But feed luxurious pride:	Emancipated from th
Yet when with facred virtues crow	m'dy's come off
Wealth deals its lib'ral treasures r	No more, bruio
Tis nobly dignify'd and the	They veri alic
To modelt worth, to honour's bands	E sale encolor and
With confcious warmth he large in	mparts; proposition?
and in his presence imiling stands on	al block or fill
Fair Science, and her handmaid.	Arts about starte
As in the pure serene of night,	ia erass bad
I bron'd in its iphere, a bear	iteous flar
Sheds its bleft influence from	afairm poly
At once beneficent and bright.	od the wase In A
But hear ye wealthy, hear ye grea	Experience of market and
I fing the fix'd decrees of Fate,	o' and the second second
What after death remains,	And there were
Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind	
Of cruel unrelenting mind,	Meantaine States (California Cal
A doom of endless and	mand but men and
A doom of endless pains !	or desiring the
The crimes that flain'd this livin	gught, and and I
Beneath the holy eye of Jove	1962年1月日的大学中央的一个人,1960年1月1日 1962年1月1日 1965日
Bb.	Meet

Meets in the regions drear of night, aliver
The vengeance but delay'd above it as has delive
There the pale finner drear aghaft, and some
Impartial rightcous, and fevere in a small
Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r, hol
Eternal justice dooms at last a notice for own ow
Far otherwise, the souls whom virtue guides and W
.ve Enjoy a calm repole of facred reft, out to the bring
Nor light nor shade their time divides, do and sign
With one eternal funfhine bleft, to grove med
Emancipated from the cares of life, and book sall
No more they urge the mortal firife; and to Y
No more, with still-revolving toil, and the W
They vex a hard, ungrateful foil ; ldon ai I'
Nor plow the furges of the main, Aller all lorn of
Exchanging holy quiet for falle deceitful gain.
But to these facred feats preferr'd, and and an bat
With gods they live, as gods rever'd,
And tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye;
While banish'd from the happy reign,
The guilty fouls in darkness lye, as about
And weary out the frightful ministers of pain, and A
So Heav'n decrees : The good and just,
Who, true to life's important truft,
Have well fultain'd the field;
Whose fouls undaunted, undifmay'd,
Nor flatt'ring pleasure could personade, and to to
Nor passions taught to yield a lib grade A
These thro' the mortal changes past,
Still list ning to the heavinly lore, and advanced

Find this fuhlime have	at laft, how had you'l ody?
CTIL	and and present the call.
with or energing	OFF
TO TO TO	the books of I
Tripmphon	The second second second
Triumphant tread	the heave paved road
	A Language and the Company of the Co
There, where the Hall	lide at eafe, shi huang radys
Bland Zenham	nue at cale, and husing assists
Priyrs breame the	Ica-born brooms
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'Tis all around one gold-	As the deal territory
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Awarding all a Tra	meninging right, and A
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Sits thron'd, the moth	AND ADDRESS OF STREET
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ubdu'd, with pray'r, the yi	and move in some
dur paying the y	elding mind of Jore.

Who

Who Troy laid proftrate on the plain,
His country's pillar, Hector, flain; and le laint mel T
By whom unliappy Cygnus bled ; I workland and I'
By whom the Ethiopian boy have mademati's
That fprung from Neptune's godlike bed,
The aged Tithon's, and Aurora's highest joy.
What grand ideas croud my brain lost sender and T
What images the lofty train it sidesaid rively N hasili
In beauteous order fpring ad only the refO
As the keen flore of feather'd fates to will be seignous!
Within the braided quiver waits, and honore the all'
Impatient for the wing : Initialso and MA
See, fee they mount ! The facted few
Endu'd with piercing flight; out atom and at
Alone thro' darling fields purfue this salared at
Th' aerial regions bright and to make a mist
This nature gives, her chiefest boast; and the same
But when the bright ideas fly and and and
Far foaring from the vulgar eye, about well
To vulgar eyes are loft, to abrustery this?
Where nature fows her genial feeds, the hand and I
A lib'ral harvest straight succeeds, not a sade of
Fair in the human foil; out of the gentre A
While art, with hard laborious pains,
Creeps on unfeen, nor much attains,
By flow progrelive toils out binouts all
Refembling this, the feeble Crow,
Amid the yulgar winged croud, a hel and
Hides in the dark ning copie below, or the hand
Vain, firntting, garrulous, and loud:
While

(1891))

While Genius mounts th' etherial height. As the imperial bird of Jove On founding pinions foars above And dares the Majesty of light. Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string. O thou my Genius! warm with facred flame: Fly fwift, etherial shaft! and wing The godlike Theron unto fame. I folemn fwear, and holy truth atteft, That fole inspires the tuneful breaft. That, never fince th' immortal fun His radiant journey first begun, To none the gods did e'er impart and old out mon't A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart. Fly, Envy, hence, that durst invade Such glories, with injurious shade; Still, with superior lustre bright, and state gain of His virtues shine, in number more Than are the radiant fires of night, Nor inforable me. Or fands that spread along the sea-furrounding shore,

Forlow, and despite a state of the relation of the White further, coursely distributed and the second of the secon

Nor mine no prograble mother a care.

Me flew Action, but defaoil'd him wor, it was

The Greeks will everylying that a different for the

THE Wilson party deads, Line even,

And dares the Majetty of It

PAR IN IN GO O

The godine Therese auto figue. ...

HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

His radiant journey had begon,

From the 6th ILIAD of HOMER, translated literally.

Beginning ver. 407. Angibre, polose or to dor utros, ---

O Daring thou! to thy own strength a prey.

Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,

Nor miserable me, a widow soon!

For, rushing on thy single might, at once

The Greeks will overwhelm thee: Better far

I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee

Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,

What surther comfort then for me remains,

What solace, but in tears? No father mine,

Nor mine no venerable mother's care.

Noble Achilles' hand my father slew,

And spread destruction thro' Cilicia's town,

Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.

He slew Action, but despoil'd him not,

For inly in his mind he fear'd the Gods; which toward it But burnt his body with his polish'd arms, were you of not And o'er him rear'd a mound e the mountain Nymphs. The daughters fair of Egis-bearing Jove, and a said and Planted with elms around the facred place on I II w 10 1 Seven brothers flourish'd in my father's houses live value. All in one day descended to the shades All flain by great Achilles, fwift of foot, Midft their white theep, and heifers flexile-hoof de My mother, woody Hypoplacia's Queens and hour fact Brought hither, mumber'd in the victor's spoils; Till loos'd from bands, for gifts of mighty price. By chace-delighting Dian's dare she fell, Smote in my father's house: But, Hector, thou, Thou art my fire, my heary mother thou, was had a My brother thou, thou husband of my youth it was the Ah pity, Hector, then I and in this tow'r With us remain, nor render by thy falls Him a fad orphan, me a widow'd wife. Here at this fig-tree station, where the town Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls, and week men. Here thrice the bravelt of the foes have try'd to the last To pais; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus, and object war Th' Atridæ too, and Tydens' warlike fon; Whether some feer, in divination skill'down was some Prompted th' attempt, or their own valour dar'd or all To execute a deed, their wildom plan'd, swed live of T To whom plume-nodding Hector thus reply'd and T These, woman, are my care; but much I fear and all

If, coward-like, I shun afar the fight : Not fo my courage bids; for I have learned and in the Still to be brave, and foremost to defend My father's mighty glories, and my own, For well I know, and in my mind forefee. A day will come, when facred Ilion links, Old Priam perifhes, the people too Of Priam aspen-spear'd: Yet not so much The woes the Trojans yet in after-times Must undergo, not Hecuba herfelf. Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear, Who, mimerous and brave, have fall'n in dust Below the boafting foe, diffract my foul, As thou : Then when fome brazen-coated Greek, In the fad day of thy diffres, shall drag Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing fad, To fome imperious mistress handmaid, thou Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight From Messeis or Hyperia's springs, against it is a self Thy will, but hard necessity compells. Then shall he say, who sees thee funk in tears, Lo! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all The Trojan steed-subduing face excell'd Who fought at Ilion. Thus shall they fay. But thee new pangs shall feize; on thee shall come Delire of fuch a hulband, to repel , a most de hangue The evil hour: but may I low beneath a la student a The monumental earth be laid to rest, and we are Nor thy foft forrows, nor the melting voice more and Of thy captivity, e'er reach my ear. a new asper? as

So

So faying, the illustrious Hector stretch'dure pode to His hands to reach his child; the child averse, and all I In the soft bosom of the fair zon'd nurse about the hand. Weeping, fell back, abhorrent, from his fire about the I Of warlike aspect: for he fear'd the shine and I of armour, and the horse hair horned cress and I of I That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top, and the loving father smil'd, the mother smil'd; and I of Strait from his head the illustrious Hector took and I His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground; and of I His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground; and I He took; thus praying jove, and all the Gods.

Jove, and ye other Gods, grant this my fon, won to I Grant he may too become, as I am now, more bood will The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength, down I And rule his Ilion with a monarch's sway;

That men may say when he remains from sight,

"This youth transcends his sire:" Then may he bear

The bloody spoils aloft of hostile chiefs

In battle flain, and joy his mother's heart.

He faid; and to his much lov'd fpouse resign'd fis child; she, on her fragrant beform full'd Smiling thro' tears, receiv'd him: at the fight, Compassion touch'd her husband's heart; her cheek With gentle blandishment he stroak'd, and spoke,

O best beloved! oh sadden not thy heart

With grief beyond due bounds: I trust, no hand
Shall send me down to shades obscure, before

My day of doom decreed; for well I ween

No man of mortal men escapes from death, d. 10 110

Fearful or bold: whoe'er is born must die. 100

voll ce rever mortal yet his 3'd ling rear'd.

But thou returning to thy home, attend
The spindle, and the loom, thy peaceful cares,
And call thy duteous maidens round to share
Their talks by thee assign'd; for war belongs
To men, and chief to me, of thin's sons.

This faid, illustrious Hector feix'd his helm,
And to her home return'd his much lov'd spouse,
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.
Then sudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,
The godlike Hector! There again she wept!
In his own house the living Hector wept;
For now foreboding in their sews, no more
They hop'd to meet him with returning step
From battle, 'scap'd the rage and force of Greece,

MONOMONIO DE PROPRIO D

First Scene of the

PHILOCTETES

Saning this term received the so the fight.

SOPHOGLES.

wind on their i shaded sob Leaves light billy of the Cult YSSES feets.]

SON of Achilles I brave Neoptolemus, and in the You tread the coast of sea furrounded Lemnos. Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd,

Here

Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs, Lerft exposed the fon of noble Pean; Confirming with his wounds, and walling In painful agonies; wild from delpair, He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud, And execrations dire : No pure libation, No holy facrifice could to the Gods Be offer'd up: ill-omen'd founds of woe Prophan'd the facred rites : But this no more-Should he discover my return, 'twere vain The plan my wakeful industry has wove, Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece This most important chief. The thine, brave youth, I To ripen into deed, what I propose. Cast round thy eyes, if then by chance may'lt find The double rock, where from the Winter's cold, He shrouds his limbs, or when the Summer glows Amid the cool, the Zephyrs gentle breath Lulls him to his repose; full on the left VI Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero fees This living light, one of the attendant train work Speed with the hour to glad my lift ning care, If in that favage haunt he harbours yet, 100 and 10 high Or in some other corner of this isle a sais into and alarmed Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports Our present needs, and claims our common care. Fierce to defroy, on him along they pour

Pares addressed classes, in endouncemental discourse a second and the second discourse of the second d

He list to the sampowith lamentations load,

"And exceptions times In Her Dartion,

No holy from the could to the Gods

E Poor le che d'and d'an d'an chie no more

Should he chicover my return, a vere vein

the Toxipen is to closely what I propose.

LAUSUS and MEZENTIUS

From the Tenth Book of WIRG they KNE Side of blook a remind and morn enough place and which and Park

and your Beginning Line 689, wil of the bound wit vi

Manid the cool, the Zophyta sentle breath

NOW Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms, then I his ardour routes; and his courage warms; had a like it is arm the Trojan battle bleeds; The Tufcan troops invade their common foe, Alike in hate their kindling boloms glow

Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour Darts following darts, a thick continu'd show's:

But he undaunted, all the storm sustained.

As some huge rock high tow'ring 'midst the waves,

Of feas and fkies the mingling sumult braves and Trees TO On its eternal balis fix'd is found, inquit consolido effect siri The tempelts rage, and oceans form around more b'errolf First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled, Francy to depend A The Issue of fam'd Dolicaco's hed; as alvest of some as 107 Then Latague fubmits to fate, his way not nothing arms I' Adverse he took, the chief with furious fway to the stal HA Uprear'd a pond rous rock, the shatter'd brain olay should Confus'd with blood and gore, o'erforeads the plain. At flying Palmin next his dart he threw, here of rives all I The speedy dart o'ertook him as he flew, when betime "I'I' Full in the ham, he feels the finarting wound, was flato! A Left by the victor growling on the ground in T and out of His arms furround his Laufus manly breaft, a count had The waving plume adorns his shining crest: , was most HA Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan feed, a laupe of little I By the fame arm were mingled with the dead ; and dead Mimas, companion of the youthful cares and some out? Of Paris, and the equal of his years a small to flaid mile For, big with fancy'd flames, when Phrygia's queen of T Brought forth the cause of woes, but ill foreseen and me. T T' extend his blooming race, that felf-fame night The spoule of Amyeus, Theans bright, and aid to oil T That night fo fatal to the peace of Troy, To ension of T Bleft her lov'd hufband with a parent's joy : Il a as , mad T But Fate to diff rent lands their deaths decreed, mid 1011) This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed; in a so . I Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius flain, and anidonard 10 Now rolls his carcale o'er the Latian plain. was a social And as a tulky boar, whom dogs invade, its ban appoint I Of Vefulus bred in the piny shade,

Or near Laurenta's lake, with forest mass.

His feasts obscene, supplyed in wild repairs.

Rous'd from his savage haunt, a deep retreat.

A length of years his unmodeled feat;

When once in toyls inclosed, no sight appears.

Turns sudden, foaming herce, his briftles rears;

All safe at distance stand, and none is sound.

Whose valour dares inside a nearer wound.

Dreadless meanwhile, to every side he turns.

His teeth he gnashes, and with rage he burns of the united vengeance of the field decides.

A forest rattles as he shakes his tides.

So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage;

And shouts, in the mixt tumust they ingage.

All from afar, their missive weapons throw. All from afar, their millive weapons throw, Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.

Next, Grecian Acron rulh'd into the plain. Who came from Coritus's ancient reign to incoming the Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led, it but the control to The joys untaited of the bridal bed; From far Mezencius ey'd him with delight, In arms refulgent, as he max'd in fight; Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known.

The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.

Then, as a lion thirsting after blood, (For him perfuades the keen defire of food) but at a land If, or a frilling goat he chance to view, touts aid in sec. Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew; Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way, to aid allor woll Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey, value a see had . charityping one of head quintrhat

H

That helpless pants beneath his hornd patric.

The blood o'erstowing, laves his greedy jave;

So keen, Mezentius rushes on each fee;

Unhappy Acron finks beneath his blow. Mad in the pange of death, he fourns the ground, The blood diffains the broken frear around:

Then fled Oroges shameful from the fight;

The victor scorn'd th' advantage of his slight; But fir'd with rage, thro' cleaving ranks he ran,
And face to face oppos'd, and man to man: Not guileful from behind his spear to throw A wound unfeen, but firikes an adverte blow, Then with his foot his dying for he prefs'd, if Lean'd on his launce, and thus his friends address'd ? Lo! where Orodes gains upon the fand, His death was due to this victorious hand, or or door to Large portion of the war! Extalning ories Ascend amain, and ring along the skies. To whom the vanquish at with imperfect found All weak, and faint; and dying of the wound;
Nor long my ghost shall unreveng'd repine,
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;
Thee, equal faces, insulting man, remain; Thee, Death yet waits, and this the fatal plain.

Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius fpy'd, He smil'd severe, and thus contemptuous ory'd ; it should Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me, The Sire of heav'n and earth, let Jove decree. He faid: and pull'd the weapon from the wound; The purple life shord out upon the ground: Tylobors

Death's clay-cold hand that up the finking light, and a real And o'er his cloting eyes drew the dark milt of night,

By Cadicus' great arm Alcathous fell ; itnexalt med es Sacrator fent Hydalpes down to hell : Jal nors A vegeta J Parthenius dies; by Rapo flain in fight of same ach of half And Orfes valt, of more than mortal might, he boold at T Next funk two warriors, Clonius the divine, 10 hall and I And Ericetes of Lycaon's line savba 'di h'micol roffir ad ? The iffue of the God, their deaths renown'd, him bout soil Whose forked trident rules the deep profound, or sail bank His courier, unobedient to the reing los most libring acid Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain, and another boson A Prone as he lay, fwift fled the thirfly dart, end driv mal? And found the mortal passage to his heart, al aid no b'nes I Then lights the victor from his lofty fleed, of o medw ! o.l. And foot to foot engaged made Clonius bleed, disab aid Then Lycian Agis, boatful of his might, to soliton on the Provok'd the bravelt foe to lingle fight Junt quinns breelA Him boldly Tulcan Valerus affail d divoney ed modw o'T And in the virtues of his fire prevail drain bas , lasw IlA By Salius' arm, the fwift Antronius bled thin you pool toil Nealces' jav'lin ftruck the victor dead amulin and and will Nealces, skill'd the founding dare to throw, I laupo ,out I' And wing the treach'rous arrow to the foe! dasol , see I' Mars, raging God, and flern! the war confounds Equals the victor's shouts, and dying sounds vel b limit sri Encount'ring various on the imbatel defield, in said unde sill Now herce they rulh, now herce retreating, vield, it's With equal rage, each adverse battle glows, has a high Nor flight is known to thele, nor known to thole, Tyliphone

tight solding and q.204)

Tyliphone enjoys the direful fight,
Pale, furious, fell! and fforms amidft the fight.
The Gods, from Jove's immortal dome, furvey
Each army toiling, thro' the dreadful day;
With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain,
That human life is deftin'd to fuffain.
On either fide, two Deities are feen;
Jove's awful Confort, and foft beauty's Queen:
The Wife of Jove the conqu'rer's palm implores,
Soft beauty's Queen her Trojans' lofs deplores.

Again, his jav'lin huge, Mezentius wields; Again tumult'ous he invades the fields: Large as Orion, when the giant stalks, A bulk immense! thro' Nereus' midmost walks; Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves, His fin'wy shoulders tow'r above the waves; Bearing an ash, increased in strength with years, That huge upon the mountain's height appears; He strides along, each step the earth divides; in clouds obscure his lofty head resides: In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms, Such shone the tyrant in gigantic arms, Him, as exulting in the ranks he stood, At distance seen, and rioting in blood, Eneas haftes to meet; in all his might Like wantegut He stands collected, and awaits the fight : First measuring, as he stood in act to throw, With nice furvey, the distance of his foe; This arm, this spear, he cry'd, affert my might; These are my Gods, and these assist in fight:

Dd

His armour from the boaffful robber won. Shall tow'r a trophy to my cong'ring fon. He faid; and flings the dart with dreadful force :. The dart drove on un-erring from the course; It reach'd the shield, the shield the blow repell'd: Nor fell the jav'lin guiltless on the field; But piercing 'twixt the fide and bowels, tore The fam'd Anthores, and deep drank the gore : He, in his lufty years, from Argos fent, With fam'd Alcides, on his labours went: Tir'd with his toils, a length of woes o'erpalt, In the Evandrian realm he fix'd at last: Call'd back again to war, where glory calls, Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls: To heaven his mournful eyes, the dying throws; In his last thoughts his native Argos rose. Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw; Swift hiffing on the wind the weapon flew: The plates of threefold brafs were forc'd to yield; And three bulls hides that bound the folid shield: Deep in his lower groin, an arm fo strong, Drove the sharp point, but brought not death along. Then joyful as the Trojan hero fpy'd The spouting blood pour down his wounded side, Like light'ning, from his thigh his fword he drew, And furious on the altonish'd warrior flew.

As Laufus faw, full fore he heav'd the figh; The ready tear stood trembling in his eye: His father's danger, touch'd the youthful chief; With pious haste he ran to his relief.

FILE

Nor

Nor shalt thou fink unnoted to the tomb; Unfung thy noble deed, and early doom : If future times to fuch a deed will give Their faith, to future times thy name shall live! Disabled, trembling for a death so near, The father flow-receding, drags the spear: Just in that moment, as suspended high The flaming fword shone adverse to the sky, The daring youth rush'd in, and from the foe, And from his father turns th' impending blow. His friends, with joyful fhouts, reply ground; Thro' all their echoes, all the hills refound : As wond'ring they beheld the wounded fire. Protected by the fon, from fight retire. A dark'ning flight of finging shafts annoy, From ev'ry quarter pour'd, the Prince of Troy: He stands against the fury of the field, And rages, cover'd with his mighty shield. And as when formy winds encountring loud, within the Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud, a brief all I Precipitate to earth, the tempelt pours solidon A sul all The vexing hailftones thick in founding flow'rs The delug d plains then every plowman flies. And ev'ry hind, and trav'ller thelter d lyes: Or, where the rock high over-arch'd impends, the W Or, where the river's shelving bank defends: That, pow'rful o'er the storm, when bright the ray Shines forth, they each may exercise the day. Loud founds the gather'd ftorm; o'er all the field The cloud of war pours thund ring on his shield.

Yet still he try'd with friendly care to fave Th' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave. Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course, In daring deeds! unequal to thy force? Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays; Nor fuch the vigour crowns thy youthful days. Not thus advis'd, the youth still fronts the foe Exulting, and provokes the ling'ring blow: For now, his martial bosom all on fire, The Trojan leader's tide of rage fwell'd higher; For now, the fifters view'd the fatal strife, And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life: Deep plung'd the shiring falchion in his breast, Pierc'd his thin armour, and embroider'd vest, That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove With her own hands, the witness of her love. His breast was fill'd with blood; then, fad and slow Thro' air resolv'd, the spirit fled below : As ghaftly pale, the chief the dying fpy'd, His hands he stretch'd to heav'n, and pitying sigh'd; His fire Anchifes role an image dear Sad in his foul, and forc'd the tender tear. What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate, What can Æneas yield to worth fo great? Worth, that diffinguish'd in thy deed appears, Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years: Thy arms, once pleafing objects of thy care, Inviolate from hostile spoil I spare; Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow, To mitigate thy penfive spirit's woe,

Solicitous of what is done above;

(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from ev'ry care
Releas'd, nor knowledge, nor device is there;)
That, gather'd to thy fires, thy friends may mourn.
Thy haples fall, and dust to dust return:
This be thy folace in the world below,
Twas I the great Æneas struck the blow.
He said; and beck'ning, chides his friends delay;
And pious to assist, directs the way,
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care;
Dishonour'd soul with blood, his comely hair.

The wretched father now, by Tyber shore Wash'd from his streaming thigh, the crimson gore : Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the fight, A tree's broad trank supports his drooping weight s A bough, his helmet beaming far, sustains: His heavier armour rest along the plains. Panting, and fick, his body downward bends, And to his breast his length of beard descends : He leans his careful head upon his hand; Around him wait a melancholy band: Much of his Laufus asks, and many fent To warn him back, a father's kind intent: How vainly fent! for, breathless, from the field They bear the youth, extended on his shield; Loud wailing, mourn'd him flain in early bloom, Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.

Far off the founds of woe the father hears; He trembles in the forelight of his fears:

With dust the hoary honours of his head Sad, he deforms, and cleaves into the dead. Then both his hands to heav'n aloft he foread: And thus, in fulness of his forrows, faid. Could then this luft of life to warp my mind; That I could think of leaving thee behind Whom I begot, unhappy in my flead a contact was and and a To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed? Now fate fevere has ftruck too deep a blow. Now first I feel a wretched exile's woe. And is it thus I draw this wretched breath. Sav'd by thy wound, and living by thy death? I too, my fon, with horrid guilt profan'd Thy facred virtues, and their luftre flain'd Outcast, abandon'd by the care of heav'n. From empire, and paternal scepters driving My people's hatred, and infulting fcorn, The merit of my crimes, I've juftly born : 10 4 4 4 To thousand deaths this wicked foul could give: Since now tis crime enough that I can live. Can yet fultain the light, and human race, Wretch'd as I am :--- but fhort shall be the space. He faid; and as he faid, he rear'd from ground His fainting limbs, yet flagg'ring from the wound: But whole and undiminish'd still remains His strength of foul, unbroke with toil and pains. He calls his fleed, fuccefsful from each fight, With whom he march'd, his glory and delight; With words like thefe his conscious steed address'd. That mourn'd, as with his master's ills oppress'd: Rhæbus,

Rhæbus, we long have liv'd in arms combin'd, (If long the frail possessions of mankind;) This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils, The Trojan hero's head, and glitt'ring spoils Torn from the bloody man! with me shalt take A dear revenge, for murder'd Laufus' fake: If strength shall fail to ope the destin'd way, Together fall, and prefs the Latian clay; For, after me, I trust thou wilt disdain A Trojan leader, and an alien rein. He faid. The steed receives his wonted weight, The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight: His blazing helmet, formidably grac'd With nodding harfe-hair, bright'ning o'er the creft; With deathful jav'lins next he fills his hands; And spurs his steed, and feeks the fighting bands; Grief mix'd with madnels, shame of former flight, And love by rage inflam'd to desp'rate height, And confcious knowledge of his valour, wrought Fierce in his breaft, and boil'd in ev'ry thought, He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard The welcome found; and thus his pray'r preferr'd, May Jove, fupreme of Gods, who rules on high! And he, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the fky, Far shooting King! inspire thee to draw near Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear. But he :--- My Laufus ravish'd from my fight, Me, with vain words, O! cruel, would'st affright; With age, with watchings, and with labours worn, Death is below my fear, and God I fcom!

Destin

I come refolved to die; but, ere I go, neo neven die il Receive this dart, the prefent of a foe. He faid: the jav'lin hifs'd along the fkies Another after, and another flies: Thick, and inceffant, as he rides the field; Still all the ftorm fuftains the golden shield Firm, as Eneas flood: thrice rode he round, Urging his darts; the compais of the ground: Thrice wheel'd Æneas; thrice his buckler bear About, a brazen wood of rising spears: Pres'd in unrighteous fight, with just disdain To wrench fo many darts, and wrench in vain, Much pond'ring in his mind the chief revolv'd Each rifing thought; at last he springs resolv'd: Full at the warrior steed, the hostile wood He threw, that pierc'd his brain, and drank the blood. Stung with the pain, the fleed up-rear'd on high His founding hoofs, and lash'd the yielding sky: Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height; His shoulders broad receiv'd the courier's weight, From hoft to hoft the mingling shouts rebound, Deep echoing all in fire the heav'ns refound; Unsheath'd his flaming blade, Æneas slies, And thus address'd the warrior as he lies. Say, where is now Mezentius great, and bold, That haughty fpirit, fierce, and uncontroul'd? To whom the Tuscan, with recover'd breath, As faint he view'd the skies, recall'd from death; Doft thou the stroke, insulting man! delay? Haste! let thy vengeance take its destin'd way;

Death

Death never can difgrace the warrior's fame Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim? Slain, favage! by thy hand in glorious frife, Not so my Lausus bargain'd for my life: Depriv'd of him, fole object of my love, led to die :-- for joy is none above. A ... I gni Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow, if pity to the vanquish'd foe be due; In while a maille Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn, And decent lay me in the funeral urn; Full well I know my people's hate, decreed Against the living, will pursue the dead; My breathless body from their fury save, And grant my Son the partner of my grave. He faid, and stedfast ey'd the victor foe; Then gave his breast undannted to the blow. The rushing blood distain'd his arms around; The foul indignant fought the shades profound. E. E. where the Chart search hads



Yes, all we les of these is notify? part: Then are the section's left; —the reft is not.

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so family threads of dust is principle to the sol on sold the

For thee, the fallist worth of his plan have been



King LEAR'S SPEECH to EDGAR

Taking a View of Man from the Side of his Mileries.

guide d'appearit bythe

Is man no more than this? consider him nuett. Thou ow'ft the worm no filk, the beaft no bide, the Sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but fuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come unbutton bere. SHAKESPEAR

.biscions sobuch advaderod toss

CEE where the folitary creature stands, Such as he iffued out of nature's hands; No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares, Nor pleafure's poison, nor ambition's snares; But shares, from self-forg'd chains of life releast, The forest-kingdom with his fellow beast. Yes, all we fee of thee is nature's part; Thou art the creature's felf :- the rest is art. For thee, the skilful worm of specious hue, No thining threads of ductile adiance drew; For thee no fun the rip'ning gem refin'd; No bleating innocence the fleece refign'd:

The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour. O'er thy faint limbs, the oil's refreshing show'r ; His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food, The running brook, and berries of the wood. What have we added to this plain account? What pallions? what defires? a huge amount! Cloath'd, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's toil, We live upon the wide creation's spoil. Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride; Lay all thy foreign ornaments afide the word foct Bid are no more its spurious gifts supply; the track of Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

*

ANACREON SHARRESPEAR

And fince fire to expression. The first my over hearth of the weight W. A. Line L. of Onda W. 19 Y

Accesors bird! what punishment, Due to thy crimes, can love invent? Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue, And spoil thy flight, and future song: That thus, unfeafonable gueft,
Thou dar'ft diffurb a lover's reft, And tear the maid profuse of charms, a sould to document A My fair Maria, from my arms.

more, my horald, fined away,

isologib rod roll

It in her brauty

From ANACREON.

To a D O V E.

Cloudy d. fed., warmid, cool d, early by his bruther's roll, CAY, beauteous dove, where dall thou hy To what new quarter of the fley Doft thou with filken plumes repair, To fcent with fweets the ambient air? Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse To bear along a lover's vows. O tell the maid, of me belov'd, O tell how constant I have prov'd: How she to me all nymphs excell'd The first my eyes with joy beheld; And fince she treats me with disdain, The first my eyes beheld with pain. Yet whether, to my wishes kind, She hear my pray'r with gracious mind Or, unrelenting of her will, Her hot displeasure kindle still. I, in her beauty's chains bound falt. Or clip thy wings. Shall view her with indiff rence last. And fool by Right Fly swift, my dove, and swift return With answer back to those that mourn; O! in thy bill, bring foft and calm A branch of filver-flow ring palm. My fair Maria, from But, why should I thy flight delay? Go fleet, my herald, speed away,

**X*X*X*X*X*X*X*X*X*X

The 19th ODE of ANACREON.

Total and Aller 3

In Phrygian hills, a marble maid.
Chang'd Pandion I to the fwallow's hue,
On fwallow's wings thy daughter flew.

But I a looking-glass wou'd he,
That thou might'st see thyself in me.
No; I would be a morning gown,
That so my dear might me put on.
But I a silver stream would flow,
To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.
I would myself in ointment pour,
To bath thee, with the fragrant show'r.
But I wou'd be thy tucker made,
Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.
I would, a diamond necklace, deck
The comely rising of thy neck.
I would thy slender feet inclose,
To tread on me transform'd to shoes.

Obedient to each breathing gaie;
Summer's loop indultrious yttyes.
In mazy veins the filten legger.
Soft as the milky veins I view.
O'er thy fair break meandring blue;

built

Sold by a found with minimizer of bid of the control of the contro

The 21st Ode of ANACREON.

FILL with Bacchus' bleffings fraught,
Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught;
Long fince dry'd up by heat, I faint,
I fearcely breathe, and feverish page.

O! with these fresher flow'rs, renew
The fading garland, on my brow,
For oh! my forehead's raging heat
Has risled all their graces sweet;
The rage of thirst I yet can quell,
The rage of heat I can repell,
But, love, thy heat which burns my foul,
What draughts can quench? what shades can coof?

予·本于·本于·本于·本于·本于·本于·本中·本中·本中·本中·本中

The 22d ODE of ANACREON.

COME, fit beneath this shade with me,
My lovely maid, how fair the tree!

Its tender branches wide prevail,
Obedient to each breathing gale;
Summer's loom industrious weaves,
In mazy veins the filken leaves,
Soft as the milky veins I view,
O'er thy fair breast meandring blue;

Hard

Hard by a fount with murm'ring noise and to see of the Runs a fweet perfunite voice; What lover, lay, my lovely maid, the or said and the So foolish as to pass this shade?



DY various youths admir'd, by all approv'd, By many fought, by one fincerely lov'd, Chief of Edina's fair I flourish'd long. First in the dance, the visit, and the song; Beauty, good-nature in my form combin'd, 1 flag My body one adorn'd, and one my mind, will When youthful years, a fee to lonely nights, we will all Impells young hearts to Hymen's chafte delights. I view'd th' admitting train with equal eye, . b only woll True to each hope, and faithful to each fight The happy hours of admiration paft, some Thibm has 11 The hand of muptial love was giv'n at last; o hashed Not to the faithful youth my charms inspired, Nor those who fought my charms, nor who admir'd; He not preferr'd for merit, wit, or fenfe, and and T Not chose, but suffer'd with indifference, and the ball Who neither knew to love, or be belov'd, Approv'd me not, and just not disapprov'd, Nor warmth pretended, nor affection show'd 5 and along all Ask'd, not implor'd; I yielded, not bestow'd: Without or hopes, or fears, I join'd his fide, His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.

No joys at home, abroad was only flow; and fall I neither gain'd a friend, nor loft a fore.

For, loft alike to pleasure, love, and fame.

My person he enjoys, and I his name.

Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,

Pleas'd that I'm call'd my formal husband's wife.

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LOVE turned to DESPAIR

T Is palt! the pange of love are palt,

I love, I love no more;

Yet who would think I am at last,

More wretched than before?

How blefs'd, when first my beart was freed

From love's tormenting care,

If cold indiff'rence did fucceed,

Instead of fierce despair?

But ah! how ill is he releas'de a dance la think the of the

Tho' love a tyrant reigns, which was the fuccestor in his breast, when the fuccestor is the function of the function of

Redoubles all his pains : Live to pain and a said

In vain attempts the woeful wight, a

That would despair remove, how were the little finger has more weight, how were the same weight, how were the same weight.

Than all the loins of love it I have miles had

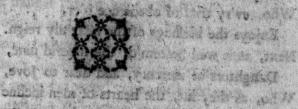
Thus the poor wretch that left his dome, and so model?"

With spirit foul accurate and how the control of the c

Found

of the sty

Found sev'n, returning late, at home More dreadful than the first. Well hop'd I once that conflancy w Might fosten rigour's frown, Would from the chains of hate fet free; And pay my ranfom down:
But, ah! the judge is too fevere, I fink beneath his ire; The fentence is gone forth, to bear
Despair's eternal fire: The hopes of finners, in the day Of grace, their fears abate; But ev'ry hope flies far away, When mercy shuts her gate'! The smallest alms could oft suffice Love's hunger to affwage; Despair, the worm that never dies, Still gnaws with ceafeless rage:



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The youngest G R A C E.

A LOVE-ELEGY. Addressed to a LADY, who had just finished her fifteenth Year.

A S beauty's Queen, in her aerial half Sublimely feated on a golden throne, Before her high tribunal fummon'd all Who or on earth, fea, air, her empire own. First came her son, her pow't, her darling boy, Whose gentlest breath can raise the siercest flame, Oft working mischief, tho' his end be joy, And tho' devoid of fight, yet fure of aim. With him, his youthful confort, fad no more Pfcyche, infranchis'd from all mortal pain, Who, ev'ry trial of obedience o'et, Enjoys the bleffings of the heav'nly reign. Next, as it well befeem'd, the tuneful nine. Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove, Who, as they lift, the hearts of men incline To wit, to music, poetry, or love. She who with milder breath inspiring fills Than ever Zephyr knew, the heart-born figh,

Or else from nature's pregnant source diffils The tender drops that fwell the love-fick eye, Or the who from her copious ftore affords, When love decrees, the faithful youth to blefs, The facred energy of melting words, In the dear hour, and feafon of fuccess, Last in the train two fifters fair appear'd, Sorr'wing they feem'd, yet feem'd their forrow fweet; Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd, Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on fnowy feet. The Cyprian Goddess cast her eyes around, And gaz'd o'er all, with ever new delight; So bright an hoft was no where to be found; Her heart dilates, and glories in its might, But when without their lov'd companion dear Two folitary Graces hand in hand Approach'd, the Goddess inly 'gan to fear What might befal the youngest of the band. Ah! whither is retir'd my darling joy, My youngest Grace, the pride of all my reign, First in my care, and ever in my eye, Why is she now the lag of all my train? Ah me! fome danger threats my Cyprian state, Which, Goddess as I am, I can't foresee; Some dire difaster labours, (ah my fate!) To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me. She wept: not more the wept, when first her eyes Saw low in dust her Ilion's tow'ry pride; Nor from her breaft more frequent burst the fighs, When her lov'd youth, her dear Adonis dy'd.

Yet, yet, she cry'd, I will a monarch reign that him of In my last deed my greatness shall be seen : Ye Loves, ye Smiles, ye Graces, all my train, Attend your Mother, and obey your Queen. Wisdom's vain Goddess weaves some treach'rous wile, a F Or haughty Juno, Heav'n's relentless Dame: Haste! bend each bow, haste! brighten ev'ry smile, And launch from ev'ry eye the light'ning's flame, Then had fell Discord broke the golden chain That does the harmony of all uphold, And where these orbs in beauteous order reign, Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old: When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd store, When Venus burns with more than mortal fire, Mortals, immortals, all had fled before The Loves, the Graces, and the Smiles in ire; In vain, t'avert the horrors of that hour. Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky, The Sire of gods and men had try'd his pow'r, And hung his golden balances on high: Had not the eldest Grace, ferene and mild, we have Who wish'd this elemental war might cease, Sprung forward, with perfusive look, and smil'd The furious Mother of defires to peace. Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear! With accent mild thus spoke the heav'nly maid, What words, O Sov'reign of hearts! fevere Have pass'd the roles of thy lips unweigh'd? Think not mankind for lake thy myftic law: Thy fon, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns; Heard

Heard with respect, and seen with tender awes Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains. Remember's not how in the blest abodes Of high Olympus an ethereal guest, Mix'd with the fynod of th' affembled Gods, Thou shar'd'ft the honours of th' ambrofial feast? Celestial pleasures reigning all around, Such as the pow'rs who live at eafe enjoy, The fmiling bowl with life immortal crown'd, By rofy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy: Hermes, fly God, refolv'd thy spleen to hit. Thy fpleen, but, of itself, too apt to move; Prone to offend with oft-miftaking wit, That foe perverse to nature and to love. Much gloz'd he spiteful, how rebellious youth, Loft to thy fear, and recreant from thy name, False to the int'rest of the heart, and truth On foreign altars kindles impious flame. Much gloz'd he tauntful, how to nobler aims The youth awak'ning from each female wile. No longer met in love's opprobrious flames. Slaves to an eye, or vaffals to a fmile. Now fifteen years the ftill-returning fpring With flow'rs the bosom of the earth has fow'd. As oft the groves heard Philomela fing. And trees have pay'd the fragrant gifts they ow'd, Since our dear fifter left the heav'nly bow'rs: So will'd the Fates, and fuch their high command, She should be born in high Edina's tow'rs. To thee far dearer than all other lands.

There,

There, clad in mortal form, the lyes conceal'd A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knews So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard reveal'd. Nor fweeter e'er the fhadd'wing pencil drew. Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves, She scatters wide perdition all around : Bleft with celestial form, and crown'd with loves, No fingle breaft is refractory found. Vain Pallas pow th' unequal conflict fhuns; Vain are the terrors of her Gorgon shield: Wit bends; but chief Apollo's yielding fors: To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield. No rival pow'rs thy envy'd empire share; for any Revolted mortals crowd again thy shrine; Duteous to love, and ev'ry plealing care, All hearts are her's, and all her heart is thine. So mild a fway the willing nations own; By her thou triumph'st o'er this subject ball; Whilst men (the secret of the skies unknown) The beauteous apparition Laura call. our siet in love is our which countries

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To Mrs. A. R.

NOW Spring begins her fmiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground:
The birds exalt their chearful voice,
And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice:

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The lovely Graces hand in hand, well and trail self tom to I Knit in love's eternal band, at live to high and I flam I da With dancing step at early dawn, the translation of the Tread lighly o'er the dewy lawns and the maldan had Where'er the youthful afters move, and med word word They fire the foul to genial love, routh novi lith aid and all Now by the river's painted fide walk that he have allers with The fwain delights his country bride; it work a should make While pleas'd she hears his artless yours: Above the feather'd fongher woes, and the continue all Soon will the rip'ned Summer yield beguliood and allowed Her various gifts to ev'ry field: athildie ye to no flating? The fruitful trees, a heatstood flow, tright add to b' wind With ruby-tinetur'd births shall glow's or disease reposil A Sweet finells, from beds of lilies born, Perfume the breezes of the morn and be said to the first world. The funny day, and dewy night, and also soon world To rural play my fair invite. These plat minds of said soil Soft on a bank of violets laid, a salar salar and as a salar Cool fhe enjoys the evining fhade: The fweets of Summer feaft her eye Yet foon foon will the Summer fly Attend, my lovely maid, and know To profit by th' instructive show, and and and brid. Now young and blooming thou art feets. Fresh on the stalk for ever green; is and shad so so all Now does th' unfolded bud difelofe vivo and the same of the same o Full blown to fight the blushing role; Yet, once the funny featon past, and the same of the s Think not the coz'ning scene will halt.

Let not the flatt'rer Hope perfuade for the sale of Ah! must I say that it will fade? but hear a good of tind For fee the Summer polts away, when an only common to the Sad emblem of our own decay! Now Winter from the frozen north to they say as well Drives his stiff iron chariot forth; His grilly hand in icy chains he have a sever set we work Fair Tueda's filver flood constrains: Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare of and banks and He wanders on the tops of Yare; with his day and A Behold, his footsteps dire are feen, then the said have Confest on ev'ty with ring green; Griev'd at the fight, when thou shalt fee A fnowy wreath to clothe each tree: b turbath and and Frequenting now the stream no more, more and later to the Thou fly'st displeas'd the frozen shore the state of the When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew But late to charm thy ravish'd view: Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou fay, Be like to this some other day?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the sield is lost;
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And sires supply the distant sun,
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose, but change our joy.
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair;
To turn the page of sacred bards;
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.

But when the lovely white and red and assessment to the From the pale ashy check is fled; When wrinkles dire, and age fevere, Make beauty fly we know not where: The fair whom Fates unkind difarm. Have they for ever ceas'd to charm? Or is there left some pleasing art was don took but and To keep secure a captive heart? The son some set Unhappy love! might lovers fay, Beauty thy food does swift decay! When once that short-liv'd stock is spent. What art thy famine can prevent? Lay virtues in with early care, That love may live on wildom's fare. Tho' ecstafy with beauty flies. of Far age, the larger The jose of love that Esteem is born when beauty dies. Happy to whom the Fates decree A vegety benign, and The gift of Heav'n in giving thee : in amount of the latest T this end stole what Thy beauty shall his youth engage, The forcely book? In Thy virtues shall delight his age.



To H. H. in the Assembly.

When Erskine leads her happy man,

And Johnstoun shakes the flutt'ring fan;

Gg

When

oping general right W

For duit, joye claim di

When beauteous Pringle shines confest.

And gently heaves her swelling breast.

Her raptur'd partner still at gaze.

Pursuing thro' each winding maze.

Say, youth, and canst thou keep secure.

Thy heart from conqu'ring beauty's pow's.

Or, hast thou not, how soon! betray'd.

The too believing country maid.

Whose young and unexperienc'd years.

From thee no evil purpose sears;

And, yielding to love's gentle sway.

Knows not that lovers can betray.

How shall she curse deceiving men?

How shall she e'er believe again?

For me, my happier lot decrees, and day victor of The joys of love that conftant please; A warm, benign, and gentle flame, T and mouth of vertal That clearly burns, and still the same in wall lo min and Unlike these fires that fools betray and that youred yell That fiercely burn, but fwift decays in their courties you Which warring passions hourly raise, A fhort and momentary blaze. My Hume, my beautious Hume I confirmint My heart in voluntary chains Well pleas de for her my voice I maile 1 . I o T For daily joys claim daily praife. Can I forfake the fair, compleatin binner 7 1711 In all that's fofe, and all that's freety When Heav'n has in her form combinide The scatter'd graces of her kind his sould and that I fall

It is the not all the charms that Iye
In Gordon's bluth, and Lockhart's eye;
The down of lovely Haya's hair,
Killochia's thape, or Cockburn's air?
Can time to love a period bring
Of charms, for ever in their faring?
Tis death alone the lover frees,
Who loves fo long as the can pleafe.

To a GENTLEMAN going to navel:

Trahit fua quemque voluptus.

WELL fung of old, in everlaiting firains, Horace; fweet lyrist; while the Roman harp He strung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm Tufcan Mecenas; thy well-judging ear; Catholist gours. How in life's journey, various wifnes lead Thro' diff'rent roads, to diff rent ends, the race Diverse of human kind? The hero runs Careless of rest, of fultry Libyan heat Sects Addition; Patient, and Rullian cold, to win renown; Mighty in arms, and warlike enterprize; Vain efforts! the coquettilh nymph ftill flies His fwift purfuit, and filts ambition's hope. At home, this man with eafe and plenty blefs d The tow ring dome delights; and gardens fair; And fruitful fields, with tylvan honours crown'd,

Stretch'd

Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,

With liv'ry'd fervants in retinue long,

Adorn'd with splendent robes, the pompous train

Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits

Immur'd at home, a miser dire! nor dares

To touch his store, thro' dread of fancy'd want a

Industrious of gain, he treasures up

Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrist heir,

That wastes in riot, lux'ry, and mis-rule,

The purchase of his want; naught shall he reck

His father's pine, when lavish he ordains

The feast in pillar'd hall, or sunny bow'r,

With lust-instaming wine, and wicked mirth

Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.

Others again, the woods of Aftery Love to inhabit, or where down the mount Sky-climbing Parnaff', her fweet-founding wave. Castalia pours, with potent virtues bles'd; Pow'rful to charm the ear of furious wrath, To close the eye of anguish, or to strike The lifted dagger from despairing breast. Such Addison: and such, with-laurel crown'd, Immortal Congreve : fuch the Mules' grace, Moeonian Pope: nor do the Nine refuse ame of wedgits To rank with these, Fergusian nightingale, Untaught with wood-notes wild, fweet Allan hight; Whether on the flow'r-blushing bank of Tweed, Or Clyde, or Tay's fmooth-wynding stream, his Muse Choose to relide; or o'er the snowy hills 4 Benlomon-Stringers ?

Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,
Clad in tartana, vary'd garb, the roves,
To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:
Or, if delighted on the knee the lyes
Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog grac'd;
Intent to foothe the Scottish damfel's ear,
Cochrane, or Hamilton; with pleasing fong
Of him who fad beneath the wither'd branch
Sat of Traquair, complaining of his lass;
Or the fond maid, that o'er the wat'ry brink
Wept sleeples night and day; still wasting o'er
Her slying love, from Aberdour's fair coast.

Others again, by party rage inflam'd,
Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,
Offspring of ignorance, and cloyster-born,
With undistinguish'd violence, affault
Both good and bad.

There is, who studious of his shape and meiss
On dress alone employs his care to please,
Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain
Of slaxen hair persum'd, and Indian cane,
Embroider'd vest, and stockings silver-clock'd,
Walks thro' th' admiring train of ladies bright;
Sole on himself intent; best liken'd to
The painted insect, that in summer's heat
Flutters the gardens round, with glossy wing,
Distinct with eyes; him of the tender Miss,
Escap'd from sampler and the boarding-school,
Pursues with weary foot, from flow'r to slow'r,
Tulip, or kily bright, or ruby'd rose;

And

And often in the hollow of her hand Resains him captive, Tweet imprisonment, which is het. But ah! how wand the joys the bean can boult to mad of A while he thines in tavern, vifit, dance, Lac'd or brocaded; till the merchant bold, 2001 or instal With mellenger conspiring, mortal dire! Of merc'less heart, throw him in thingeon deep Recluse from ladies: what avails him then The love of women? or the many balls will be be being the He made to please the fair ? there must be lye Remediless, if not by picy won de mond and anith self Fair Cythered, fea-begotten dame, By spoulal gifts from foory Vulcan earn Fallacious key; as erft, by love o'ercome, He forg'd celestial arms; to grace her fon and hour de 1 Anchifes-born; and in the borrow'd form has been thed cate to mall Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt, (While fly Cyllenius, with opiate charm and a sale and at Of Ceres, the fall-watching Argus eyes Of keeper drench in fleep profound), release in asset 10 The captive knight from the inchanted dome.

Thus others chuse, their choice affects not me;
For each his own delight, with secret force
Magnetic, as with links of love; constrains.
Behoves me then to say what bias rules
My inclinations, since desire of same
Provokes me not to win renown in arms;
Nor at Pieria's silver spring to slake
Th' insatiate thirst; to write on the coy nymph

Love-

Love-labour'd fonnet; nor in well drefs'd bear To please the levely sex: For me at Keith's Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares; There will I drown them all, no daring thought Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I fit Surrounded with my friends; and envy not The pomp of needless grandeur, infolent Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight, Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil Of fair Iberia's funny coaft, combin'd With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum, wounds leight of I' Barbade, or Sumarra, on Gona-born; or along about all The lufcious spirit of the cane, that in the band who are pa Fermenting cups with native element Of water mixt, pure impid thream I unitemid: has all Their focial fweets. For us, her tuddy foul The Latian grape shall bleed; nor will thy hillson I and Far-flowing Rhine with-hold their clust ring vines, Halte then! to friendsbip facred let us pouron con la O Th' exhibitating flood, while, as our hands, horsel client In union knie, we plight our musual hearts one awal and Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ Renowns to future times, great Jonathan;

And Jeffe's fon: Now this delights my foul.

There was a time we would not have refus'd

Macdougal's lowly roof, the land of ale;

Flowing with ale, as erff is Canaan faid

To flow with honey: there we often met

And quaff'd away our fpleen, while fits of mitth

Frequent were heard; not wanted amorous fong,

Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town. Where the tir'd writer pens the livelong day. Summons and horning, or the spoulal band Of Strephon, and of Cloe lovely last mole la land and I Spent with his toil when thirsty twilight falls, He hies him gladfome, to the well-known place won the Bull-cellar, or O Johnstoun's thine! where fond Of drink, and knowledge, erst philosophers and hard rold Have met : or Couts's dark cymmerian cell, Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears The focial clamour through the dome refound: He speeds amain to join the jovial throng. So we delighted once: The bowl meanwhile Walk'd ceaseless still the round, to some fair name Devoted; thine Maria toufted chief, the standard to Duty obsequious 1 and thy looks benign Mils'd not their due regard : Dundassea fair noted to Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didft thou pass, Constance, uncelebrated or unfung, list of other least offer. Hail, facred three! hail, fifter minds! may Heavin the Pour down uncommon bleffings on your heads, and mains at

Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream as ald Flow inoffensive; friendship grac'd our days, or an word? And dream of loving miltrefs blefs'd our night: Now from these joys convey'd, (so Fate ordains) Thou wander'st into foreign realms, from this Far, far sejoin'd; no more with us to drain The ample bowl; or, when in heav'n sublime The monthly virgin, from full gather'd globe Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide

The

The ather flame, with choral fymphony with all of Of voice, attemper'd to fweet hantboy's breath, Mixt with the violine filver found, below The window of some maid belov'd, shall ply The nightly ferenade: To other joys Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore with Of mild Hefperia, thou behold'ft amaz'd, The venerable urns of ancient chiefs, want popular and Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare In freedom's cause, have dy'd, or glorious liv'd: Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood; Coriolanus, famous in exile; and the law of the control of the Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the fcourge Of Punick race; or liberty's last hope, in part of the Self-murder'd Cato; confecrate to fame about forward no They live for ever in the hearts of men, but pained or and Far better monument, than costly tomb Of Egypt's kings; time with destructive hand, Shall moulder into dust, the pil'd-up stone, and and and With all its praises; ah! how vain is fame! I strain way With virtue then immortalize thy life of the the state of the But thefe, fo potent Nature's will decrees, of and Delight not me, on other thoughts intent; of add proposed Not studious at midnight lamp to pore observa as . os ar T The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreathes and will The facred head of kings, or beauty bright bear liver Of kings fweet paramour, the letter'd fage is and madw Or prudent fenator, by cating time I at to his produce the Defac'd injurious; the faithless trust blom by manifest days Of human greatness I Nor do I incline dans to the state of

Hh

To pass the frith that parts from Gallia's reign My native coaft, follicitous to know h mercaite, eniov to What other lands impart's all my delights and aniw axid Are with my friends in therty hours at Steel's volume of Affembled, while unrespited the glass about all visiting and? Swift circles round the board, charg'd with fair same Erskine, or Pringle thine, thatis the fut accomb to the 10 That, fetting, warn'd us to the friendly cups danger of T Awake, and view out revels uncomplean But if the Heavens disposer of our fate, show a condest of Force me, unwilling, thift my native land; and ; arthurs.) O! in whatever foil my weary feet of above the management Are doom'd to ftray, O might I meet my friend! b Terms. I Or, if the rifing fun shall gild my fleps to the strain 1 to On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's flore, 1) had annualled Spice-bearing Tidor's iffe, or where at every not said year Near western Califuin, beheath the main that a restor to He finks in gold; or on vine-foll ring hills and alleged 10 Of nearer Latium, murfe of Kings and Gods, Marin Had? O! might I view thee on the flow'ty verge and its think Of Tyber, ftream renowald in poets fong; Or in the Roman fireets, with curious eye all and and Studying the polish'd stone, or trophy'd arch ton shell a Trajan, or Antonin ; not long content in as excited soil With toil upprofitable, Ther I'd lead on tal , labors of T Well pleas'd to Horace' tomb, dear langling base ! Where the Falernian vintage hould inspire Sweet thoughts of palt delight; the goblet rough and to With fculptur'd gold rofy from Chiest ifle, shufai booled Should warm our hearts facred to Pringle's cheek and 10 Still

Still glowing, and to fweet Humeia's lip, To Drummond's eye, Maria's facey breat Soft-heaving, or to levely Erskine's finite;
While on the wounded glass the diamond's path Faithful, shall show eath fav'ine virgin's name; sill 1011 Not without verse and various emblem grac'd: The Latian youth at merry revels met, then will or ned? In fancy shall admire the Scottish maid
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman born; Nor with their native dames refuse to join Impartial, their health belov'd: and would work a toro The Nine impire me equal to my choice, and and a ser In lays fuch as the Roman fwan might fing Fair as Horatian Lydia thould my Hume For ever flourish, or Nacera bright, w) sach and orly Of fost Tibulius Muse the lovely theme, wo lo maid ma Nor should alone in melancholy strains, which or senses. Of cruel symph, and constant vows refus'd, Gallas complain, when on the flinty rock, Or wailing near earth-diving Arethufe, harm with all ball Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan, Despairing of his loves: Maria's scorn Cloath'd in the stile of Mantua, should shine As thine, Lycoris! theme of future fong Surviving as itself. Maria's fcom For ever I endure: Ah! hard return To warmth like mine: Nathless the mourning Muse Must praise the maid still beauteous in her eye, Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in bloom;

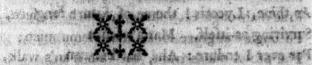
Tho'

Tho' fullen to my fuit, her ear be flut.

Against my vows, ungracious to my love.

But this as time directs; thy health demands The present care, and joys within our pow'r; Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love, Met in our fellivals of mirth: but when when the stage and Thou to thy native Albion shalt return, in the said of T From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear, Inclement fky ! or Italy the bleft with white and an addition Indulgent land, the Mules' belt beloy'd; Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch and Janzagen We'll plight our hands a-new, at Don's, or Steel's-Who bears the double keys, of plenty fign; and and all Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamion 1 manual and and Who rears alone (what needs the more?) the vine, work Emblem of potent joys; her felf with looks Suafive to drink, fills up the brimming glass, blood raid Well-pleas'd to fee the sprightly healths go round

Hail, and farewel! may Heav'n defend thee fafe;
And to thy natal shore and longing friends
Restore thee, when thy destin'd toils are o'er,
Polish'd with manners, and inrich'd with arts.



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To warmin this mine he leader the about more than

independe the maid stable hande are in her over

double of the this of Adaption Local



Lady MARY MONGOMERY

visib martificat asing to living choily SAY, thou with endless beauty crown'd, Of all the youth that figh around, Thy worshippers, and anxious wait From thy bright eyes their future fate; Cantions to thuo. Say, whom do most these eyes approve? Whom does Mongomery choose to love? Not him, who strives to build a name. From ruins of another's fame : Of all the gifts in lateral Who proud in felf-conceit throws down His neighbour's wit, to raise his own. Shou'd the vain man expect fuccels, which word sword The fool of compliment and drefs ? Thy eyes undazzled can behold. The gaudy nothing deckt in gold, Thy wife difcernment foon deferies, Where folly lurks in wit's difguife; Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis seen, Through the grave look, the folemn mien; The proud man's front, the vain man's walk, The foplin's drefs, the coxcomb's talk. A large estate, and little sense, To charms like thine have no pretence.

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Shalt thou, O infolent! prevail? never meant its goods for fale! Beauty the pearl of price, is giv'n, Not bought, 'tis the free grace of Heav's The happy youth with arts refin'd, Simple of heaves of stellast suched IV SI AM whalf Whom thirst of gain, could never draw To trespais friendship's sacred law: Whose soul the charms of sense inspire; and the 10 Who loves, where reason bids admire: Cautious to shun, with wife disdain, way adjud you may? The proud, the airy, and the vain. Him whom these virtues shall adorn, Thou, fair Mongomery, wilt not fcom: Of all the gifts of Heav'n posselt; To him thou yield'it thy willing breaft ; it is brong on the For him the blush, with modest grace, Glows rofy, o'er thy blooming face : For him thy panting bosom swells, And on thy lips fuch sweemels dwells. Crown'd with success, the happy boy muston be a of T Shall revel in excess of joy: While in thy presence, heav'n appears In fweets laid up for many years, The beau and witling then shall fly, The fop in fecret corner figh; buts demonstr Condemn'd to cry in love's despair, man Lucya sult Ah! why so wise who was so fair ? The deplie's decly Did thy example, beauteous maid, The rest of womankind persuade;

Nor

Nor injur'd merit would complain, arror paintur aris as sold That it may love, and love in vaint a swood vel as small Nor flatt'ry falfe, and impudence, I down the photoval Usurp the room of bashful fense; but a standard direct? No more at midnight ball appear, of the problem wold To gain on beauty's lift'ning ear on It's said by woo Las Beauty would hear the vows of truth son sufface a to to 8 Nor love would speak with folly's mouth, and guibere asi-Yet some there are, the better few, hald and fords said Wife thy example to purfue; hi wast gain brod and afternast Who rich in store of native charms, they pools mod had Employ no artificial arms in the four dileger conscionation Love's univerfal kingdom's thine, four full lamounds ad T Anointed Queens all unconfin'da 1002 relegio (1 rod'T Thine is the homage of mankind ; and aldre a box snight A Thy fubjects, willing to obey, blim and shoot samena Blefs thy mild rule, and gentle fway; but triples bond With loyal mind each zealous pays, stantsowi princip. IlA. His tribute duteous to thy praise, not solved on fish world. Yet nought to greatness doll thou owe; how about sixely Thy merit from thy felf does flow immeny on swading Alike our wonder and our themen of moder tol ! field O In beauty as in place supreme. The the staff and and A Such thy fair fifter, fram'd to pleafe, and and another of Of aspect gay, and graceful cale, and the add along o'T Pure flows her wit, and unreftrain'd in to diw believe will By envy, and by hate unflain'd:

^{*} Lady Charlotte Hamilton

Not as the rulhing torrent pours,
Increas'd by fnows, and wint'ry fhow'rs;
Involving in its furious fway,
The lab'ring hinds, a helplefs prey;
Now wide o'erfpreads the wat'ry fcene,
And now decreas'd, no more is feen!
But as a conflant river leads
Its winding fream thro' purple meads!
That thro' the blulhing landfcape roll'd,
Reflects the bord'ring flow'rs in gold;
And, born along with gentle force,
Diftributes wealth thro' all its courfe;
Nor does the faithful fpring deny
The alimental just supply.

Thou *Douglas too, in whom combine
A spirit and a noble line;
Engaging looks, that mild inspire,
Fond delight, and young desire;
All-winning sweetness, void of pride,
Thou hast no faults for art to hide.
Maria such, whose opining bloom
Foreshews the pregnant fruits to come.
O blest! for whom the seasons flight
Ripens that harvest of delight;
To whom, the autumn shall resign,
To press the rich luxuriant vine.
Unwounded who can thee espy,
Maid of the black and piercing eye?

Too

[·] Lady Jane Douglas. Strong and will die in

Too rashly bold, we take the field to about to moved of Against thy shafts with wisdom's shield; and and and A Pierc'd helpless in our guarded side, We fall the victims of our pride. In carrie yell of seal Nor Erskine less the fong demands, a wood the same Not least in beauty's blooming bands, and you would said Erskine, peculiar care of Heav'n, had and all all all To whom the pow'r of found is giv'n; month and and T Artist divine! to her belong it and in moof alegand the The heav'nly lay, and magic fong: How do we gaze with valt delight and small and Her fingers fwift harmonious flight, hi vincela hard both When o'er th' obedient keys they fly, To waken fleeping harmony? ___ floation bushood as T Whene'er she speaks the joy of all, the standard and Soft the filver accents fall the stand of ment and hism sail Whene'er she looks, in still amaze, and draw award of the The eyes of all enamour'd gaze : The vam Life with sale Each word fleals gently on the ear ; the out of artists and 'Tis heav'n to fee, 'tis heav'n to hear. In everlasting blushes seen, and a series in the best of the best Such Pringle shines of sprightly mein: To her the pow'r of love imparts, hand a start to be? Rich gift! the fost successful arts, That best the lovers' fires provoke, have the land wife The lively step, the mirthful joke, and and as almost The speaking glance, the am'rous wile, The sportful laugh, the winning smile; Her foul, awak'ning ev'ry grace, Is all abroad upon her face; la

In bloom of youth still to furvive.

All charms are there, and all alive.

Fair is the lily, fweet the role, That in thy cheek, O Drummond I glaws; Pure is the fnow's unfully'd white pur that and and That clothes thy bolom's fwelling height. Majestic looks her soul express That awe us from defir'd access; was an appeared Till sweetness soon rebuke the fear, and of the risk and the And bid the trembling youth draw near. See, how fublime the does advance, and a second And feems already in the dance Exalted how she moves glong, Ten thousand thousand graces strong! Such Marchmont's daughter, unreprovid. The maid by men of fense belov'd; Who knows with modelty to feorn The titles that may fools adorn t She claims no merit from her blood Her greatest honour to be good : Heedless of pomp, with open hears Well has the chose the better part. Such Hamilla's looks divine, Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine! Her foul all tenderness and love. Gentle as the harmless dove : Who artless, charms without delign, She! of the modelt look benign.

Eliza young in beauty bright Tho' new to ev'ry fost delight,

Yet foon her conquelts shall entend.
Soon shall the sprightly mant afcered The rival of each kimbred name, And triumph to her mother's fame.

Full in the pleafing lift appears Robertoun, in prime of years; With skill she does her smiles bestone, where the said For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow some and Wifely the thuns to entermin The defigning, and the vain all in medicant too bond yet? To these 'tis all forbidden ground, and and all the Prudence, a cherub guards her round, With flaming fword fools to expel; and detail and the In paradife fools must not dwell. Strike again the golden lyre, Let Hume the notes of joy inspire O lovely Hume! repeat again My lyre the ever-pleasing strain. Dear to the muse, the muse approves Each charm, the muse the viegn loves to The muse preserves in lasting lays, The records of foft beauties praife; In vain would triumph beauties eye, Unfung these triumphe soon would die; Fate overcomes the fair and frong. But has no pow'r o'er facred fong Verfe the dying name can fave, And make it live beyond the grave.

Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage, Her fmile shall were another age; when are another than

TARA

Her race of mortal glory palt, and affections and and and The immortal fame thall ever laft; Last shall the look that won my heart, has be last sell The pleating look fincere of artist to the Au ha O! pow'rful of perfusive face, as fill palled of a fill Adorn'd and perfected in grace ; To aming his must redo f What joys await, joys in excess, i red sook and that drive The youth whom thou decreeft to blefs; and all a To Ordain'd thy yielding breaft to move, or an army will w Thy breast yet innocent of love? and has , something of ? But who is she, the gen'ral gaze total the air elacts of Of fighing crowds, the world's amaze, Who looks forth as the blushing morn On mountains of the east new born ? wan aloud a talance 17 Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she work and an addition The youngest grace of graces three, and an all the The eldest fell to death a prey, a sagest 1 are the series Q Ah! fnatch'd in early flow'r away; The fecond, manifold of charms, and come of the Charms Bleffes a happy hulband's arms; do along eds consele senti-The third a blooming form remains; O'er all, the blameless victor reigns a made to absorb and Where'er she gracious deigns to move The publick praise; the publick love, small single for the Superior thefe shall still remain, and but the course of the The lover's wish, the poet's strain; who I want on any soul Their beauties shall all hearts engage, and and and the Victorious over spight and age: I have not at a some trust Like thee Mongomery shall they shine, I had small and? And charm the world with arts like thine, had don't M

PART

HE

PART of the XIth EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

[IMTATED]

THEN thro' the world Fate led the deftin'd way, Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad furvey, What country pleas'd thy roving fancy molt? Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast? Or wisht thou rather weary to repose ton I saw TUEF In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows? Or in Ombrofa dream the lonely hour, of regard to T Where high arch'd hills th' Etrurian shades imbow's; Where plenty pours her golden gifts in vain, which work That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain? an admid from Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains, while wolf And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns? Say, is it true what travellers report this west with tank Of glories shining in the Gallick court this and bright of I. Or, do they all, the' e'er to pompous, yield aller yet 10 To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field ? a sometim bak But hark, methicks I hear thee anxious fay mor i to I That thou at Palestine wouldst choose to stay binned and

Yes, Palettine; I know the place full well,

The haples peasant pines with want and forrow,

And all ungeoples as a real large in

Yet there for ever would the friend remain,

Rather than change once more the francick force,

And distant hear the rollings of the main;

Unenvy'd, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,

My friends remembing, nor by them forget.

^

THE CORYCIAN SWAIN

From G E O R G. 4th, Line 176

BUT, were I not, before the faving gale,
Making to pore, and crowding all my fail,
Perhaps I might the garden's glories fing.
The double roles of the Pertan foring;
How Endive drinks the rill, and how are feen
Moift banks with Celeri for ever green;
How, twifted in the matted berbage, lives
The bellying encumber's commons fize;
What flow're Narciffus late, how nature weaves
The yielding texture of Acasthus' leaves a

Of Ivy pale the culture news explore;
And whence the lover-myrtic courts the flore.
For I remember, where Galefus yields
His humid moifture to the yellow fields;

And

And high Ochalia's tow're citable the plain in a late of What happy mature to his lands deny'd, which arrests had. An honest, painful includry supply'd; where a second had. For, trusting por herbs to his bushy ground, army has to For bees, fair candid lilies flourish'd round, drive the W. Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants, and hard With these he satisfy'd all nature's waste; the Line of And late returning home from wholesome toil, Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the foil. His mind was royal in a low estate, And dignify d the meanness of his fate. He first in spring was seen to crop the role, In autumn first s'unload the bending boughs: For ev'ry bud the early year bellow'd, A red'ning apple on the branches glow'd. Ev'n in the midst of winter's rigid reign, with the bill-When frow and frost had whiten'd o'er the plain. When cold had folit the rocks, and fiript the woods, And shackled up the mighty running floods He then, anticipating furnmer's hopes, The tendrils of the foft acanthus crops; His industry awak'd the lazy spring, And haften'd on the Zephyr's lou'ring wing.

T' abound: the balmy harvest all his own.

Successive swarms reward his faithful toil;

None press'd from richer combs the liquid spoil.

He crown'd his rural orchard's plain design,

With flow'ring lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.

He knew, in graceful order, to dispose

Large-body'd elms, transplanted into rows.

Hard pear-trees flourish'd near his rustic dome,

And thorns already purple with the plumb;

Broad planes arose to form an ample bow'r,

Where mirth's gay sons refresh'd the sultry hour.

But I this grateful subject must discard,

The pleasing labour of some suture bard.

およります。 The mind was revisite a fore elected.

The RHONE and the ARAR.

TWO rivers in fam'd Gallia's bounds are known,
The gentle Arar, and the rapid Rhone;
Thro' pleasing banks, where love-sick shepherds dream,
Mild Arar oftly steals her ling'ring stream:
Her wave so still, th' exploring eye deceives,
That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves:
With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,
Reslects each slow'r, and smiles on ev'ry shore;
Each youth with joy th' inchanting scene surveys,
And thinks for him the americus stream delays;
While

While the fly nymph above unfeen to flow, To her own purpose true, steals calm below. More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood, All raging unwith-held, and unwithstood; In vain or fertile fields invite its stay, In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way; It bounds o'er all, and, infolent of force, Still hurries headlong on, a downward course. Sometimes, 'tis true, we fratch with painful fight, Across the working foam a moment's light; The momentary vision snatch'd again, The troubled river boils and froths amain. To which of these, alas! shall I conside? Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide, And by the various eddies roll'd about, Just as the whirlpools guide, fuck'd in, cast out ! Till, thro' a thousand giddy circles tost, In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost? Or, tell me, friend, less vent'rous, shall I lave My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave? In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rife, The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies: With thoughtless rapture ev'ry charm explore, Heav'd by no breeze, or wafted to no shore: Till trusting cred'lous to the false serene, I fink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

And thinks for the captains a street wit chart and

THE

PARODY.

By Mr. W*****

WO toasts at evry publick place are seen, God-like Elizabeth, and gentle Jean: Mild Jeany fmiles at ev'ry word you fay, Seems pleas'd herfelf, and lends you pleas'd away. Her face fo wondrous fair, fo fost her hands, We're tempted oft to think - the understands: Each fop with joy the kind endeavour fees, And thinks for him the anxious care to pleafe: But the fly nymph has motives of her own, Her lips are open'd, and her teeth are shown. Bess blunders out with ev'ry thing aloud, And rattles unwith-held and unwithfood: In vain the fighing fwain implores a truce, Nor can his wit one moment's paufe produce; She bounds o'er all, and confcious of her force, Still pours along the torrent of discourse. Sometimes, 'tis true, 'just as her breath she draws, With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause: But when that instantaneous moment's o'er, She rattles on incessant as before.

To which of these two wonders of the town,
Say, shall I trust, to spend an afternoon?

If Betty's drawing-room should be my choice.

Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise.

Pleas'd, and displeas'd, I quit the Bedlam scene.

And joyful hail my peace of mind again:

But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,

Regal'd on syllabub, and sed on air.

With study'd rapture yawning I commend.

Mov'd by no cause, directed to no end,

Till half asseep, the flatter'd, not content,

I come away as joyless as I went.

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S O N G

To a Lady who ridiculed the Author's Lores.

A Female friend advis'd a fwain

Whose heart she wish'd at ease,

Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,

Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty, where vanities abound,

No ferious passion claims:

Then, till a phoenix can be found,

Do not admit the stames.

THE TAX STATE

IIL But

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The Berly's dead in

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Regulation fyliages

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de interestablishing But griev'd, she finds all his replies (Since prepoffels'd when young) Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes, None from Ardelia's tongue.

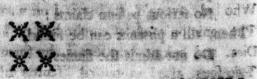
Thus, Cupid, all their aim they mis, Who wou'd unbend thy bow; And each flight nymph a phoenix is, If thou would'ft have it fo. Bronds to best and the



EPIGRAM

On a Lion enraged at feeing a Lad in the Highland Drefs.

ALM and ferene the imperial lion lay Mildly indulging in the folar ray, On vulgar mortals with indiff rence gaz'd, and the law open All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amaz'd; But when the Caledonian lad appeard, Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd was a series of Prepar'd in fierce encounter to engage The only object worthy of his rage. Althor easter whether



MITHRI-

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Mary Walter Can to mero

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MITHRIDATES

For first embrion, which the good detail pa's A C Try Lord a S C E No Eset of troop and

After the Manner of the French dramatick Rhyme of RACINE.

XIPHARES. ARBATES.

Nor haller does me higher rolling their

They sill I begin in the dried for sill

MEXICHARES. Statorne of motor and

IS true, Arbates! what all tongues relate, Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate: He whose wide empire stretch'd from shore to shore, The mighty Mithridates is no more. Pompey, wide-scatt ring terror and affright, Surpriz'd his prudence in the shades of night; Thro' all his camp a fudden ruin fpread, And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead : On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lyes His diadem is fall'n the victor's prize. Do ston all lawy Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld to make the Still rifing nobler from each well-fought field, Who bold aveng'd, high-rais'd on valour's wings, The common cause of empire and of kings, and the said Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune croft, Two fons, alas! in mutual discords loft.

ARBATES.

ARBATES.

How, Prince! fo foun does fell ambition move To break the union of fraternal love?

XIPHARES.

Far, far fuch guilt be from Hiphares' breaft,

Far fuch ambition, which the good deteft;

Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,

Nor rate I empire at a price so high;

True to the kindred honours of my name,

I recognize a brother's juster claim;

Nor further does my highest wish aspire,

Than those fair kingdoms left me by my size;

The rest without regret I see become

His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.

ARBATES.

XIPHARES.

Arbates, know,

. Ad third b harmen of talk and Aust

In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,

Long since become all Roman at the heart;

Lost to his father's glories, and his own,

He longs to mount a tributary throne;

Whilst I, more desp'rate from my father's fate,

Nourish within my breast immortal hate.

But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,

Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,

Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,

Not these divide our wretched beloms most.

ARELES.

The time be one in carra and and

What nearer care Riphares' Fear alarms? XIVHXXXX

Then hear aftonish'd, friend! Monimia's charms, Whom late our father honour'd with his vows. And now Pharnaces with bold zeal purfues. ARBATES, Total State Sand

Monimia!

XIPHARES.

I love, nor longer will concea A flame which truth and honour bid reveal: Nor duty further binds my tongue, fince here I now no rival but a brother fear: Nor is this flame the passion of a day, A fudden blaze that haftens to decay: Long in my breaft I pent the rifing groan, Told it in fecret to my heart alone: O could I faithful to its rage, express Its first uneafiness, my last diffres! But lose not now the moments to disclose The long long flory of my ant'rous woes. Suffice it thee to know, that ere my fire Beheld this beauteous object of defire, I faw and felt the charmer in my heart, And holy pathon dignify'd the dart. My father faw her too; nor fought to move With vows that she and virtue could approve: Haughty of fov'reign rule, he hop'd to find An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind: But when he found in honour resolute, She foorn'd indignant his imperious fuit,

"Twas then he fent in Hymen's facred name His diadem, the pledge of purer flame. Judge then, my friend! What agonizing finart, Tore up my fehles, and transfix'd my heart, When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard, The fair Monimia to his throne preferr'd, And that Arbates with his beauteous prey Shap'd for Nymphea's walls the destin'd way.

'Twas then, the more to aggravate my doom, My mother liken'd to the arts of Rome : Whether by her great zeal for me mif-led, Or stung with rage for her deferted bed, Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind) The fort and treasures to her charge confign'd. How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear ! 1d million A Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear No more I faw my rival in my fire, My daty triumph'd o'er my fond delire; Alone in the unhappy man furvey'd The father injur'd, and the king betray'd My mother faw me, prodigal of breath, In ev'ry field encounter ev'ry death; Keen to redeem the honours of my name, Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame. Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's fway, I made the raging Hellespont obey; His happy veffels flew without controlly Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll. My filial duty had attempted more, and his property and Ev'n hop'd his rescue on Euphrates' shore; Sudden

25

P

Sudden I heard, amid the martial strife, was and and the A holtile arm had cut his thread of life. Twas then, I own, amid my various woes, to amin and I Monimia dear to my remembrance role: I fear'd the furious king, the dire excels Of am'rous rage, and jealous tendernels: Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent, With all the speed presaging passion lent: Nor less my fears finister omens drew, When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view. Pharnaces, still impetuous, haughty, bold, Rash in defign, in action uncontroul'd, Sollicits the fair queen, again renews His interrupted hopes, and former vows, Confirms his father's death, and longs to move Her gentle bosom to more equal love. I own indeed, whilft Mithridates reign'd, while the warm My love was by parental law restrain'd, and a way and Rever'd fubmissive his superior pow'r, Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour; Enfranchis'd by his death, it fcorns to yield To any other's hopes to dear a field, Either Monimia adverse to my claim, Rejects, ah Heav'n forbid! my tender claim; Or-but whatever danger's to be run, and an and a manual "Fis by my death alone the prize is won. 'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to fave, Thy royal master's fon, or Pompey's slave. Proud of the Romans who espouse his cause, Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws; 11 Sut

But let him know, that here that very hour.

My father dy'd, I knew no rival pow'r.

The realms of Pontus own his fov'reign sway,

Him Colchus and its provinces obey,

And Colchus' princes ever did maintain

The Bosphorus a part of their domain.

Titler I for the the ATAGAA

My Lord, what pow't I boalt you justly claim, My duty and affection are the fame; Arbates has but one plain point in view, 12.7 11.13 (1) 200 17 To honour and his royal master true: Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art Had e'er feduc'd this faithful loyal heart; Now by his death releas'd, my duteous care, His royal will declar'd, awaits his heir: The felf-fame zeal I to your fuccour bring, With which I fery'd your father, and my king. Had Heav'n Pharnaces' impious purpose sped, in and W. I the first victim of his rage had bled; Those walls so long his entrance which withstood, Ere this had redden'd with my odious blood. Go, to the blooming queen your fuit approve, And mould her gentle bosom to your love: Affianc'd in my faith, difmifs your fear post of the apparent Either Arbates has no credit here, and to the total -10 Or elie Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome, Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome. they sayed mader a feet of the layers with

HART LATE Chiefe ton Mone laws; are

E P I T A P H

On Mr. BAILLIE of JERVISWOOD.

THE pious parents rais'd this hallow'd place
A monument for them, and for their race.
Descendants, be it your successive cares,
That no degen'rate dust e'er mix with their's.

EPITAPH

On Mr. BASIL HAMILTON.

THIS verie, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,
Each fofter grace, below thy darling shrine,
Nature to thee, did her best gifts impart,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;
Honour erected in thy breast its throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

EPITAPH

DOES great and splendid villainy allure?

Go search in W—'s trial for a cure.

Blest with enough, would'st thou increase it still?

Examine Ch—'s life, and R—d's will.

Would'ft

Would'st thou be happy? then these rules receive, Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live, Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep, To drink when doubting, and when tempted fleep: This led him fafe thro' life's tempeltuous steerage, Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage: An easy mind, by no entails devis'd; An humble virtue, by no Kings excis'd! Stated no law case, and no critic quoted; Spoke what he thought; and never fwore, nor voted. Courts he abhorr'd, their errors, their abuses. St. James, Versailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis*: There where no statesman buys, no bishop fells; A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells. With kind Bargany, faithful to his word, Whom Heav'n made good, and focial, tho' a Lord: The cities view'd of many-languag'd men, Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and faw all was vain. Enjoy'd, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield, The philosophic rapture of the field! Nor alk'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays, No critics envy, and no flatt'rers praise. Sure those who know how hard to write, and live, Would judge with candor, pity and forgive. Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been, He stole thro' life unheeded, and unfeen. He often err'd, but broke no focial duty; Unbrib'd by flatefmen, and unhurt by beauty.

d blas W

M A R & The may would'the seal for a cure.

Lamine Of the Still and R.

^{*} Holyrood houfe. and it thereigh ben the CE of

PSALM LXV.

[IMITATED.]

HRICE happy he! whom thy paternal love Allows to tread the radiant courts above, To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow, Where bleffings fpring, and endless pleasures flow: Awful in majesty, thy glories shine, Thy mercy speaks its Author all divine. Thy tender and amazing care is own'd, Where-e'er old ocean walks his wavy round; Those that explore the terrors of the main, Embroil'd with storms, in search of paltry gain, Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar, Derive their fafety from thy boundlefs pow'r: Within their stated mounds thy nod contains The lawlels waves, where headlong tumult reigns; At thy despotic call the rebels cease, Sink to a finiling calm, and all is peace. Those that inhabit earth's remotest bound, Trembling furvey thy terrors all around, When kindling meteors redden in the air, And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair; At thy command fair blushes lead the day, And orient pearls glow from each tender spray, Night with her folemn gloom adores a God, And spreads her sable horrors at his nod,

Whole nature chearful owns her Maker's voice, Each creature fmiles, and all his works rejoice. Thy bounty streams in fost descending show'rs, And wakens into bloom the drooping flow'rs; Pregnant on high thy cloudy cifterns move, And pour their genial treasures from above; Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms. Her flow'ry infants ope their blufhing arms, And kindling life each vernal bloffom warms. Thus the glad year with circling mercies crown'd, Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round. Whene'er thou fmil'ft, fresh beauties paint the earth, And flow'rs awaken'd vegetate to birth. The dreary wilds, where no delights are found, Where never fpring adorn'd the sterile ground At thy command a pompous dress assume, Fair rofes glow, and op'ning lilies bloom: Here verdant hills arise on eviry side And thoot their tops aloft with conscious pride; There lowing herds adorn the fertile foil, And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil ! While tender lambs their infant voices raife, And sweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praise. Here loaded vallies smile with waving corn, And golden prospects ev'ry field adorn; They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing, thank and I With fweet harmonious notes, their gracious King.

